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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE,
EXHIBITED IN A
SERIES OF OUTLINE PLATES
ILLUSTRATIVE OF
THE STORY OF EACH PLAY.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED
BY FRANK HOWARD.

WITH
QUOTATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, STRAND (BOOKSELLER TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY); J. G. AND F. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AND WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL; BALDWIN AND CRADOCK, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND J. BOOKER, NEW BOND-STREET.

1833

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LONDON:
DAVISON, SIMMONS, AND CO., WHITEFRIARS.

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13. The Courtezan having persuaded Adriana and Luciana that Antipholus is mad, they obtain the aid of Pinch, a conjurer, to set

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 16. The Duke, with Ægeon going to execution, passes the Priory; and while Adriana requests his authority to take her husband from the Priory, Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus, having escaped from Pinch, enter.
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-

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-

CYMBELINE.

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2. The marriage of Cymbeline with the mother of Cloten.—Posthumus is ingratiating himself with Imogen, and Cloten receiving the first impression.
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5. Iachimo's attempt on Imogen.
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8. Iachimo produces the bracelet as testimony of his having won his wager.
9. Pisanio having, by the order of Posthumus, induced Imogen to go to Milford Haven to meet him, shows the letter in which Posthumus commands her death.
10. Imogen, disguised as a boy, in Belarius' cave. Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus returning.
11. Cloten compelling Pisanio to produce Posthumus' garments, on discovering that Imogen was gone.
12. Imogen supposed to be dead from the operation of a drug given to her by Pisanio.—Cloten has been killed by Guiderius, whom he had attacked.—Enter Arviragus bearing Imogen as dead in his arms.

13. Imogen, having been laid by the headless body of Cloten, from the garments, supposes it to be Posthumus. She is found by Lucius.
 14. The rescue of Cymbeline by Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.—Leonatus Posthumus, having come over in the Roman army, throws off his armour, and, disguised as a peasant, seconds the Britons; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo.
 15. Posthumus resumes the Roman habit, and yields himself a prisoner.
 16. Posthumus' vision in the prison.
 17. Cymbeline having promised Imogen, as Lucius' page, any request she can have to make, she desires that Iachimo may be compelled to show how he obtained Posthumus' ring. Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, in doubt about the identity of Imogen.
 18. Imogen discovers herself. Belarius restores Guiderius and Arviragus to Cymbeline as his sons.
-

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

1. Simonides giving Thaisa to Pericles.
2. Thaisa's burial at sea.
3. The revival of Thaisa in the house of Cerimon.
4. Marina rescued from Lionine by pirates.
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8. Pericles discovers Marina, who has been introduced to him as a stranger to relieve his woes by her conversation and her music.
9. The discovery of Thaisa in the temple of Diana, whither Pericles had gone, in obedience to a vision from the goddess.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SEVENTEEN PLATES.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

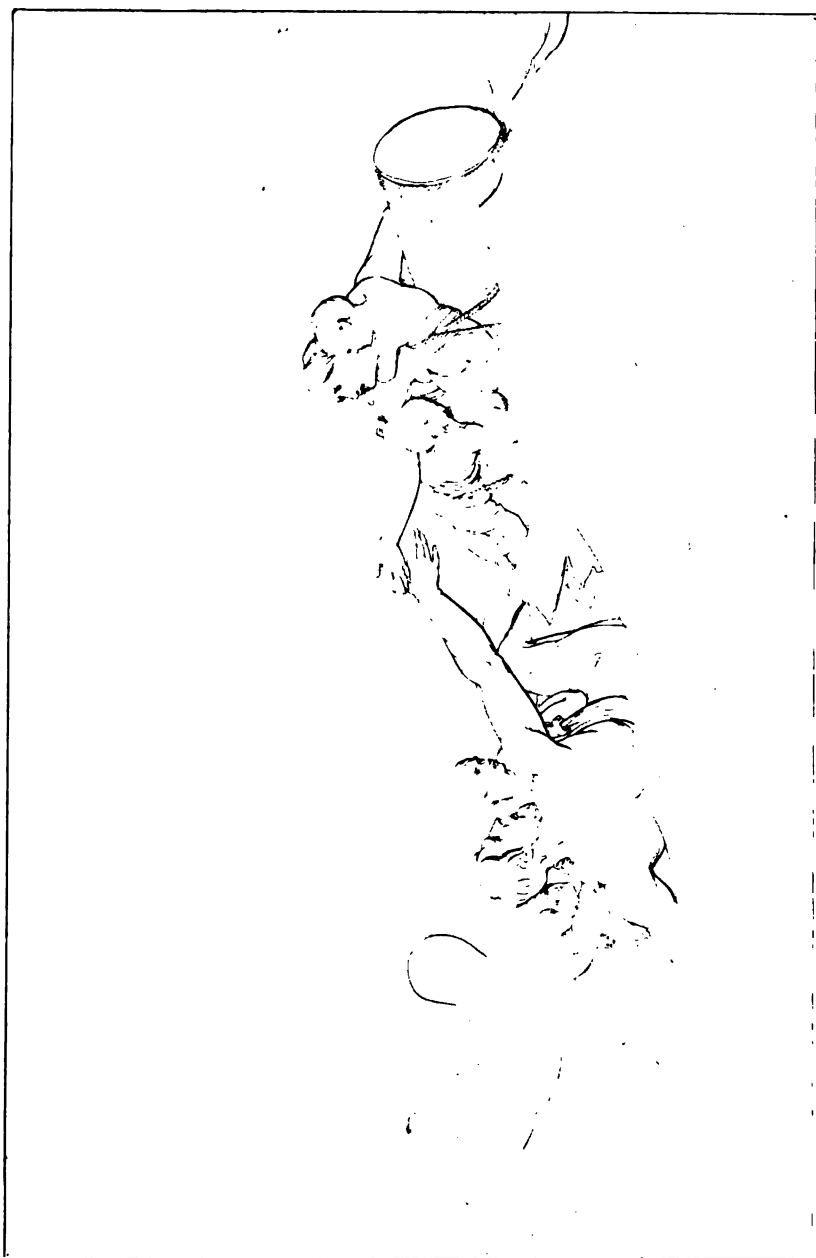
BY FRANK HOWARD.

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

INTRODUCTORY scenes, in explanation of Ægeon's story, are given in this series of designs to render them complete and intelligible. Some of the "Errors" are unavoidably omitted as utterly impossible to be represented, but they are minor points, and the spirit of the comedy, it is hoped, will be found faithfully transferred by the subjects chosen.

With regard to the costume, the early destruction of Ephesus imperatively throws it back to the period of the antique, "despite" the mention of America and rapiers.



I.

The shipwreck of ÆGEON and ÆMILIA.

“ÆGE. My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms :
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.

.
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst.

.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burden'd
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind.”

ACT I. S. 1.

II.

ANTIPHOLUS *taking leave of his father, going with*
DROMIO *to search for his brother.*

“ÆGE. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importuned me,
That his attendant (for his case was like—
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name),
Might bear him company in quest of him :
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.”

ACT I. S. 1.

III.

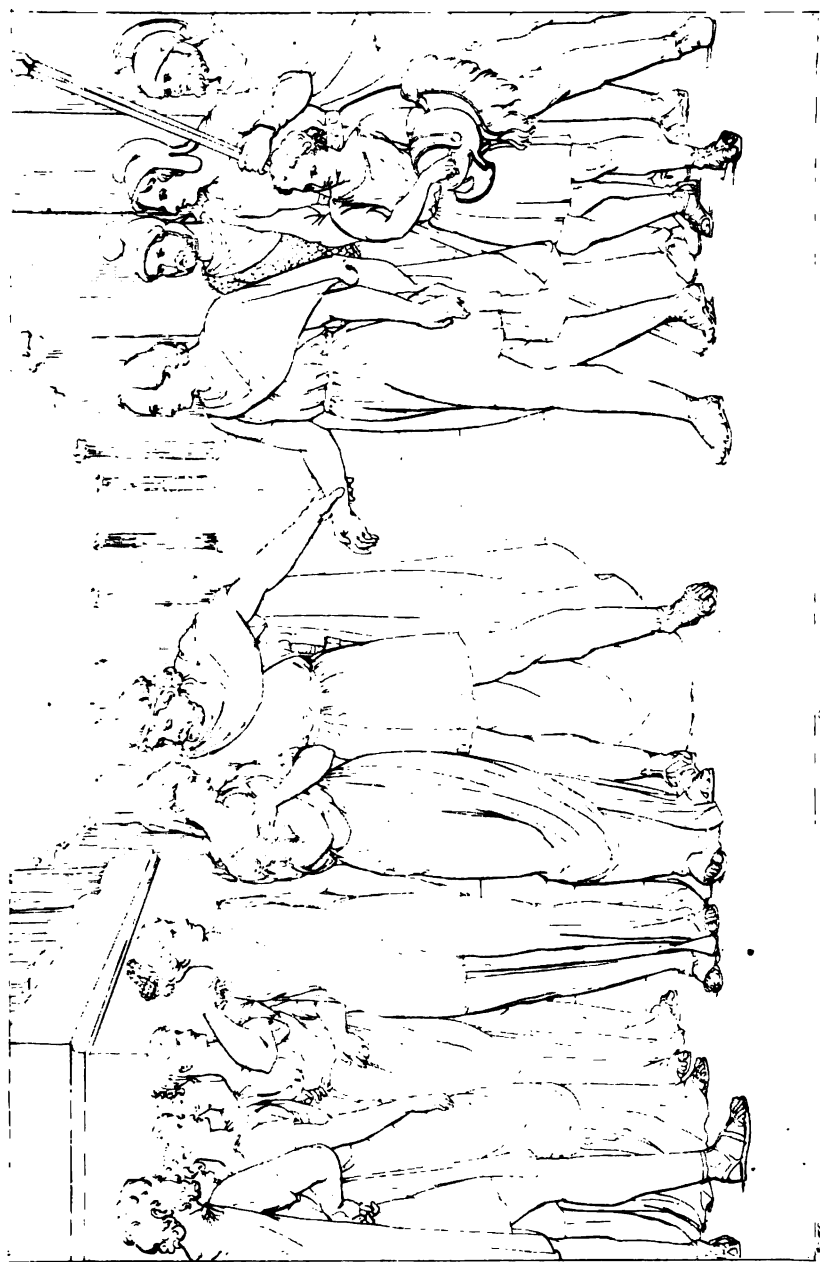
The marriage of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus with
ADRIANA, *at the desire of the Duke.*

“AD. Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters.”

ACT V. S. 1.



Three women in classical dress. H. K. 1894.



J. H. W. 1871



Country of the ...
... ..

IV.

ÆGEON arriving at Ephesus.

“If any Saracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke’s dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn’d to die.”

ACT I. S. I.

V.

ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse accosted by ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

“AD. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

ANT. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.

LUC. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?

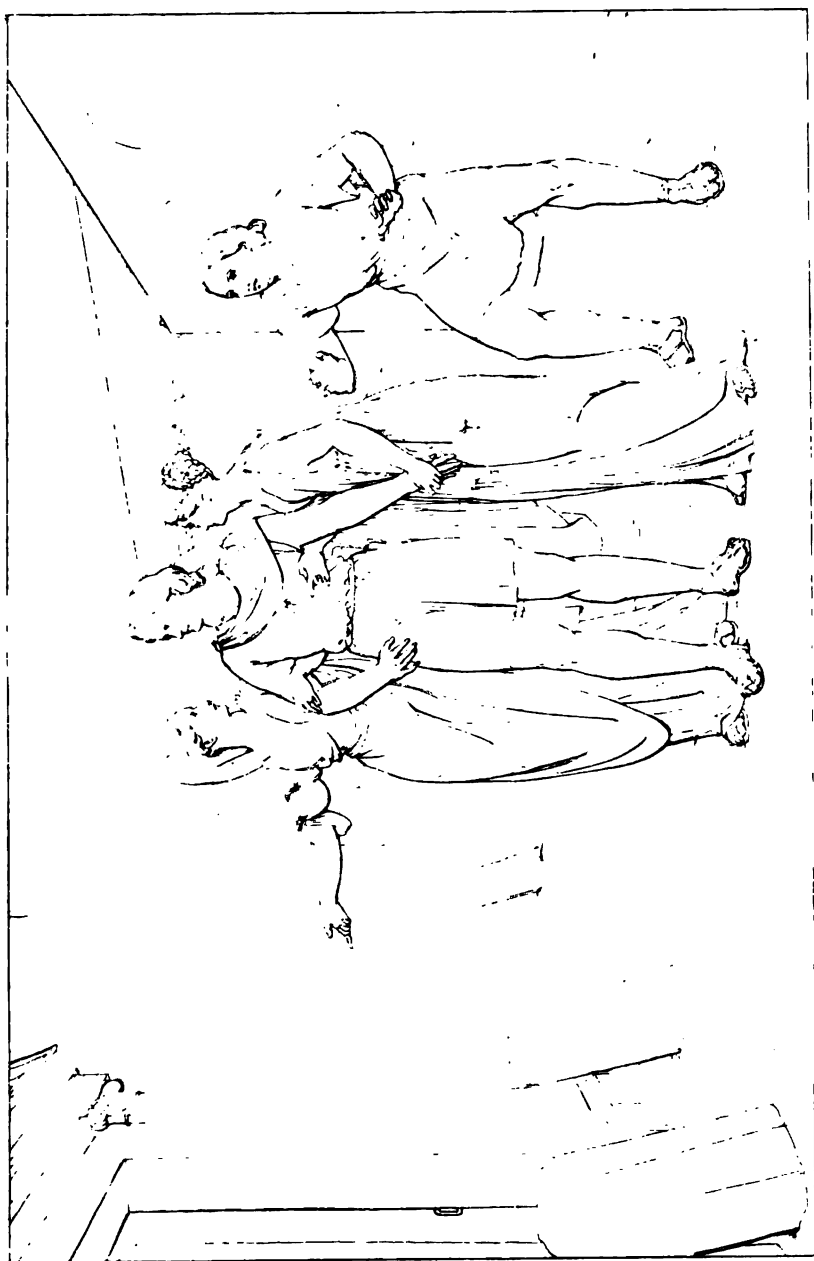
AD. Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine.
Thou art an elm, my husband; I a vine.

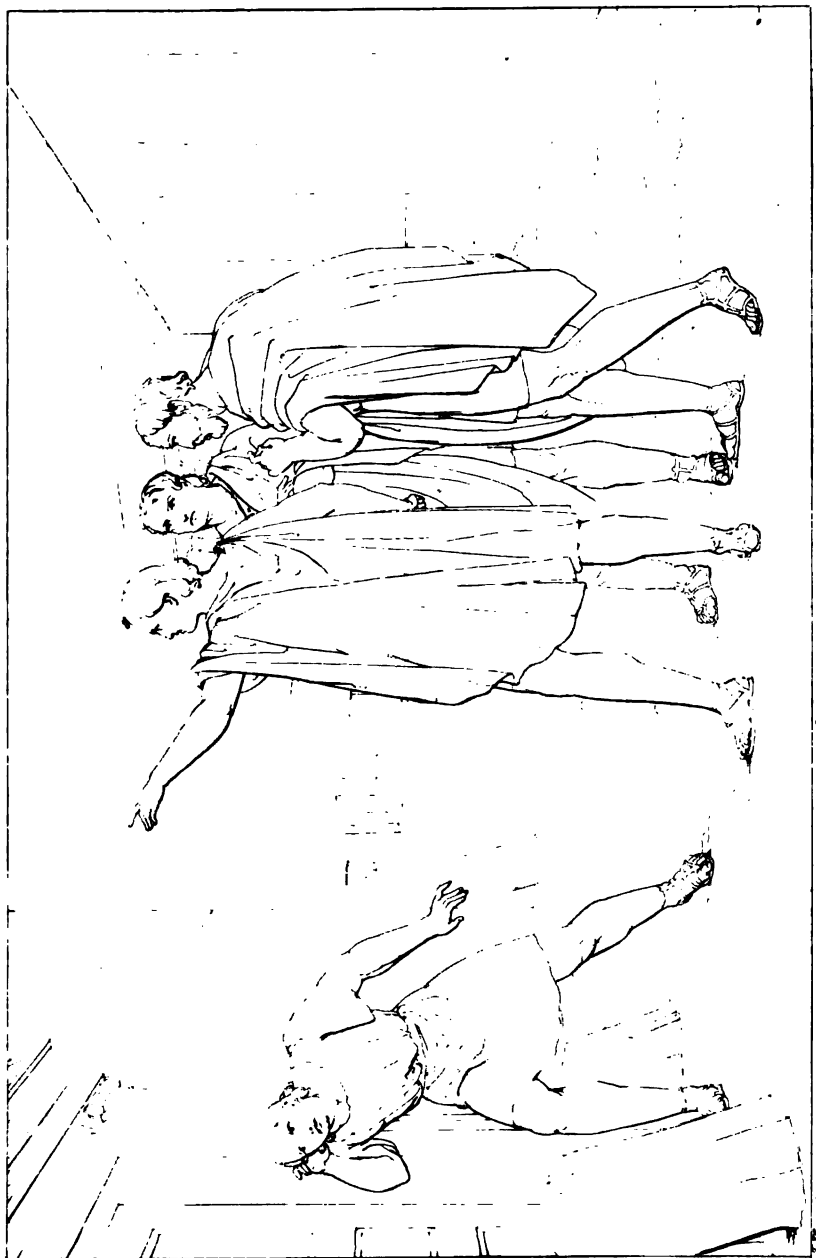
ANT. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

DRO. This is the fairy land:—O spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue—
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

AD. Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate.”

ACT II. S. 2.





THE THREE MEN AND THE WOMAN

VI.

ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Ephesus at the door of the house, with* ANGELO *and* BALTHAZAR.

“DRO. of E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

DRO. of S. [*within.*] Let him walk whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

ANT. Who talks within there? Ho! open the door!

DRO. of S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

ANT. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not dined to-day.

DRO. of S. Nor to-day here you must not. Come again when you may.

ANT. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

DRO. of S. The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.

DRO. of E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!

ANG. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

BAL. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.”

ACT III. S. 1.

VII.

ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse*, and LUCIANA.

"LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? Shall Antipholus hate
 Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

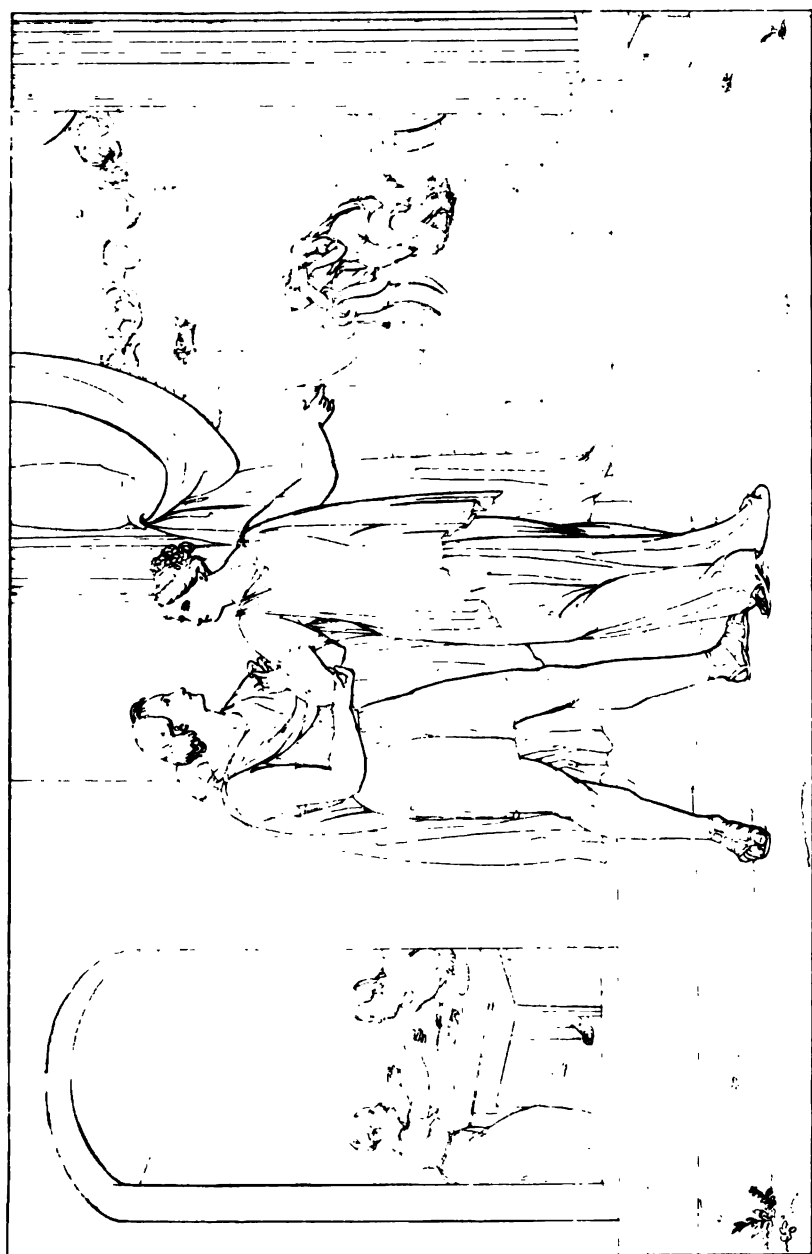
ANT.
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote."

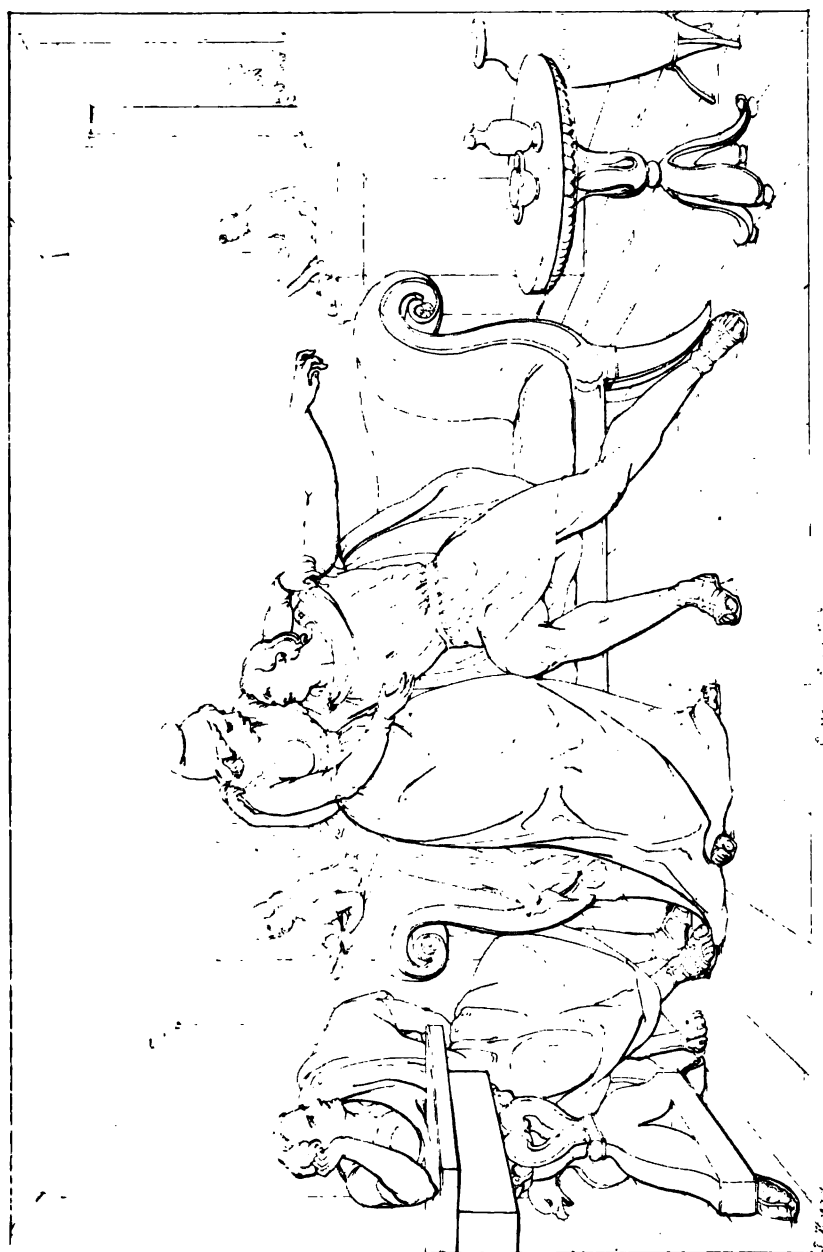
ACT III. S. 2.

LUCE *laying claim to DROMIO, in the kitchen, as her husband.*

"DRO.
 call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to
 her; told me what privy marks I had about me—as the
 mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart
 on my left arm; that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch."

ACT III. S. 2.





VIII.

ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus*, and BALTHAZAR, *with
the Courtezan at the Porcupine.*

“COUR. A ring of mine he had worth forty ducats;
And for the same he promised me a chain.”

ACT IV. S. 3.

IX.

ANGELO *bringing the gold chain to* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

“ANG. Master Antipholus?

ANT. Ay, that's my name.

ANG. I know it well, sir. Lo! here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine.

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANT. What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANG. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

ANT. Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

ANG. Not once or twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive the money for my chain.

ANT. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain or money more.

ANG. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.”

(DROMIO *of Syracuse in the distance, bargaining
for a passage in some vessel leaving Ephesus.*)

ACT III. S. 2.

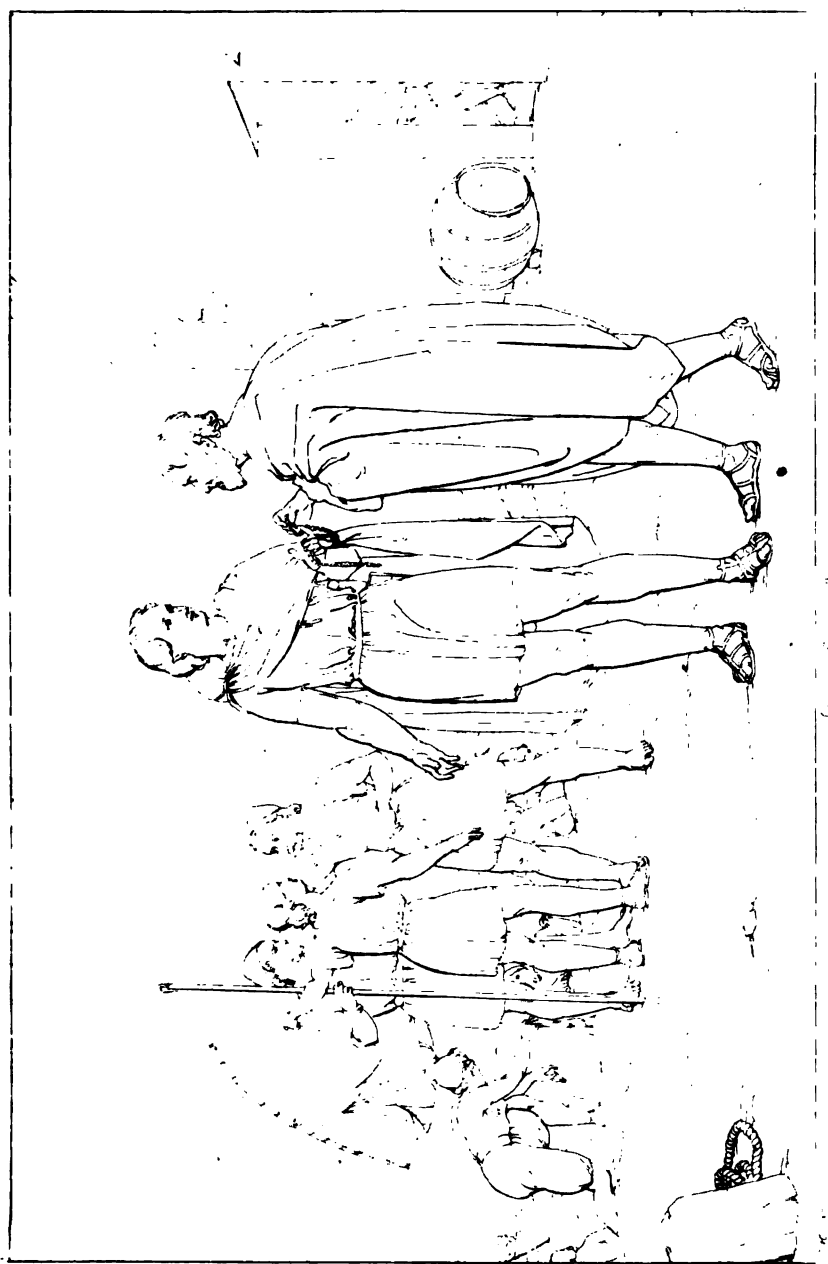
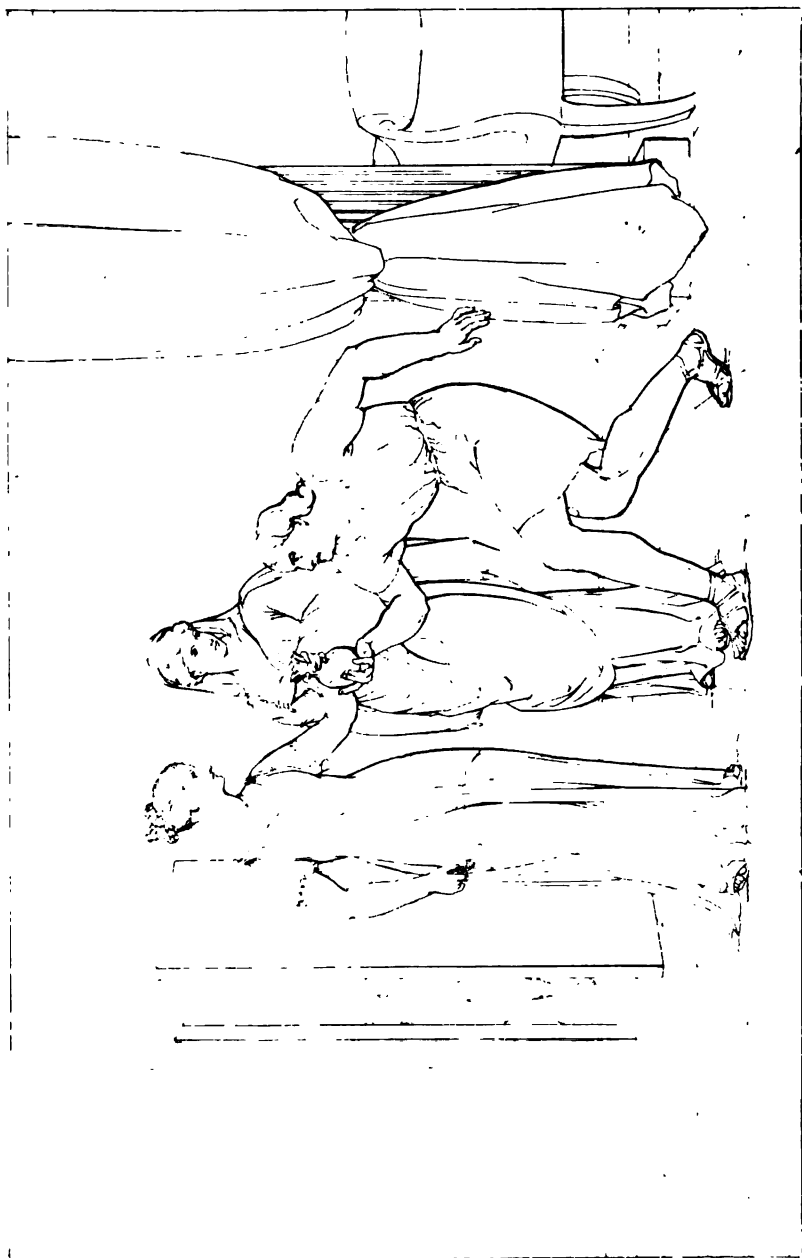


Figure 1. The People of the Great Green, 1900.



X.

ANGELO, *arrested by a Merchant, claims the money for the chain of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

"MER. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'r you 'll answer me or no :
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.

ANT. I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

ANG. The money that you owe me for the chain.

ANT. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

ANG. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

ANT. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say
so.

ANG. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider how it stands upon my credit."

ACT IV. S. 1.

(DROMIO of Syracuse, coming from the vessel, is sent by
ANTIPHOLUS to ADRIANA for money to pay the
Goldsmith.)

XI.

DROMIO of Syracuse receiving the gold from LUCIANA.

"AD. Go fetch it, sister :—

Go, Dromio ; there's the money : bear it straight ;
And bring thy master home immediately."

ACT IV. S. 2.

XII.

ROMIO of *Syracuse* brings the gold to **ANTIPHOLUS** of *Syracuse*: they are met by the Courtezán, who claims the gold chain promised to her by **ANTIPHOLUS** of *Ephesus*.

COUR. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :

Is that the chain you promised me to-day ?

ANT. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee tempt me not !

COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

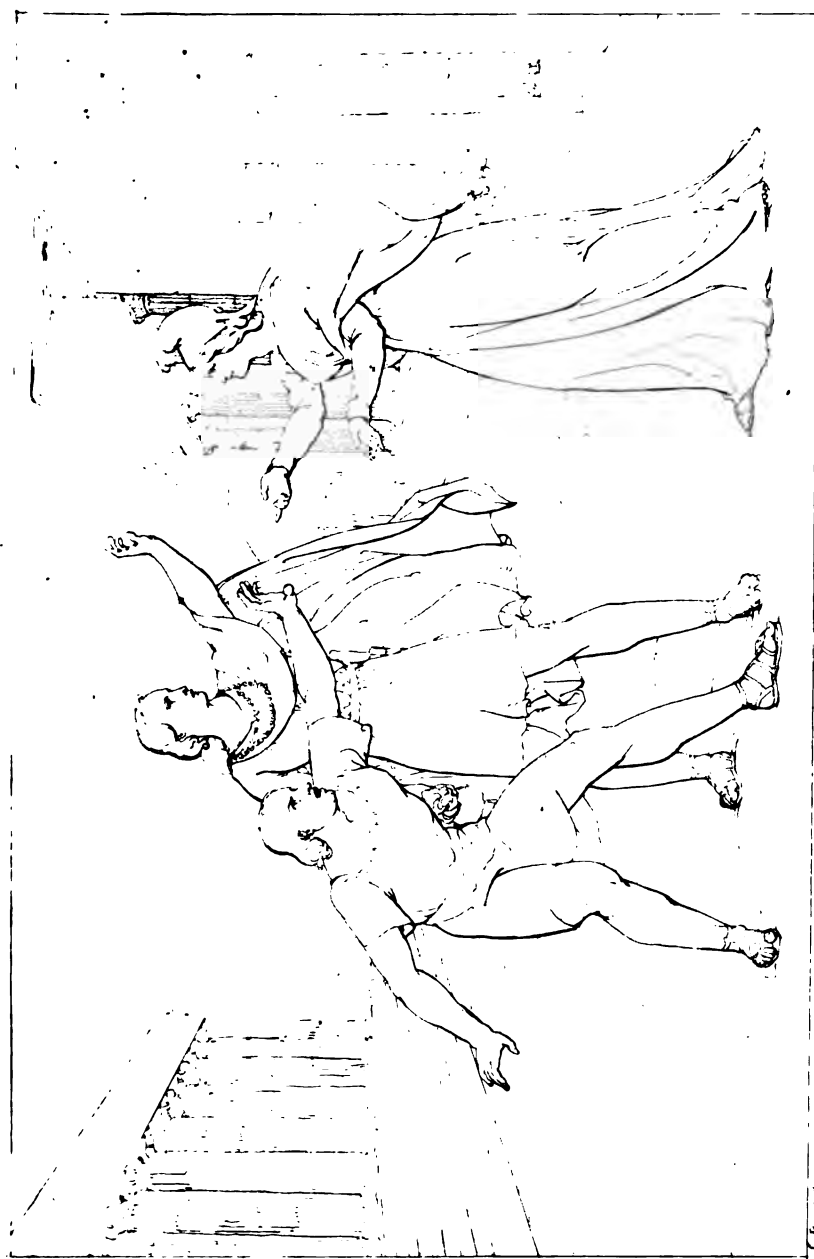
DRO. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone ; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

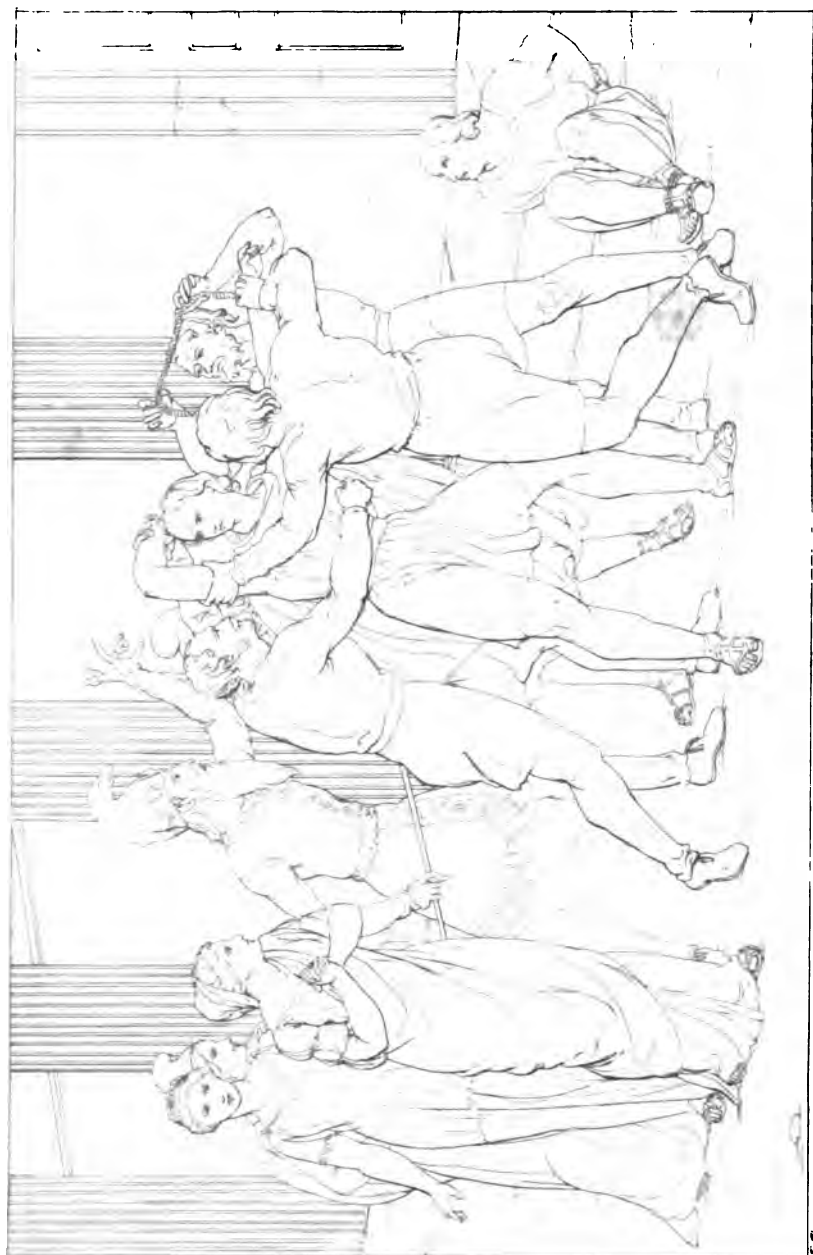
Master, be wise : an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

COUR. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

ANT. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go."

ACT IV. S. 3.





Comedy, the scene, No. 2.
It is the first scene of the comedy, the scene of the

XIII.

The Courtezan having persuaded ADRIANA and LUCIANA that ANTIPHOLUS is mad, they obtain the aid of PINCH, a conjurer, to set him in his wits again. They meet ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus; the former under the conduct of the officer by whom ANGELO had arrested him.

"PINCH. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

.
More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

AD. Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

ANT. O most unhappy strumpet!

DRO. Master, I am enter'd in bond for you.

ANT. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad
me?

DRO. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

LUC. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!"

ACT IV. S. 4.

XIV.

ANGELO *and the Merchant meet* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse with the gold chain round his neck; DROMIO of Syracuse is with him.*

“ANG. Signor Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me: can you deny it?

ANT. I think I had; I never did deny it.

MER. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

ANT. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

MER. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

ANT. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove my honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

MER. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *Courtezan, and others.*

AD. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

DRO. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.”

ACT V. S. 1.



Henry Jones & Co. 1890. 1890. 1890.



XV.

ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, having gnawed his bonds
in sunder, released* DROMIO.

“ . . . Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with seissors nicks him like a fool.”

ACT V. S. 1.

XVI.

The Duke, with ÆGEON going to execution, passes the Priory ; and while ADRIANA requests his authority to take her husband from the Priory, ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus, having escaped from PINCH, enter.

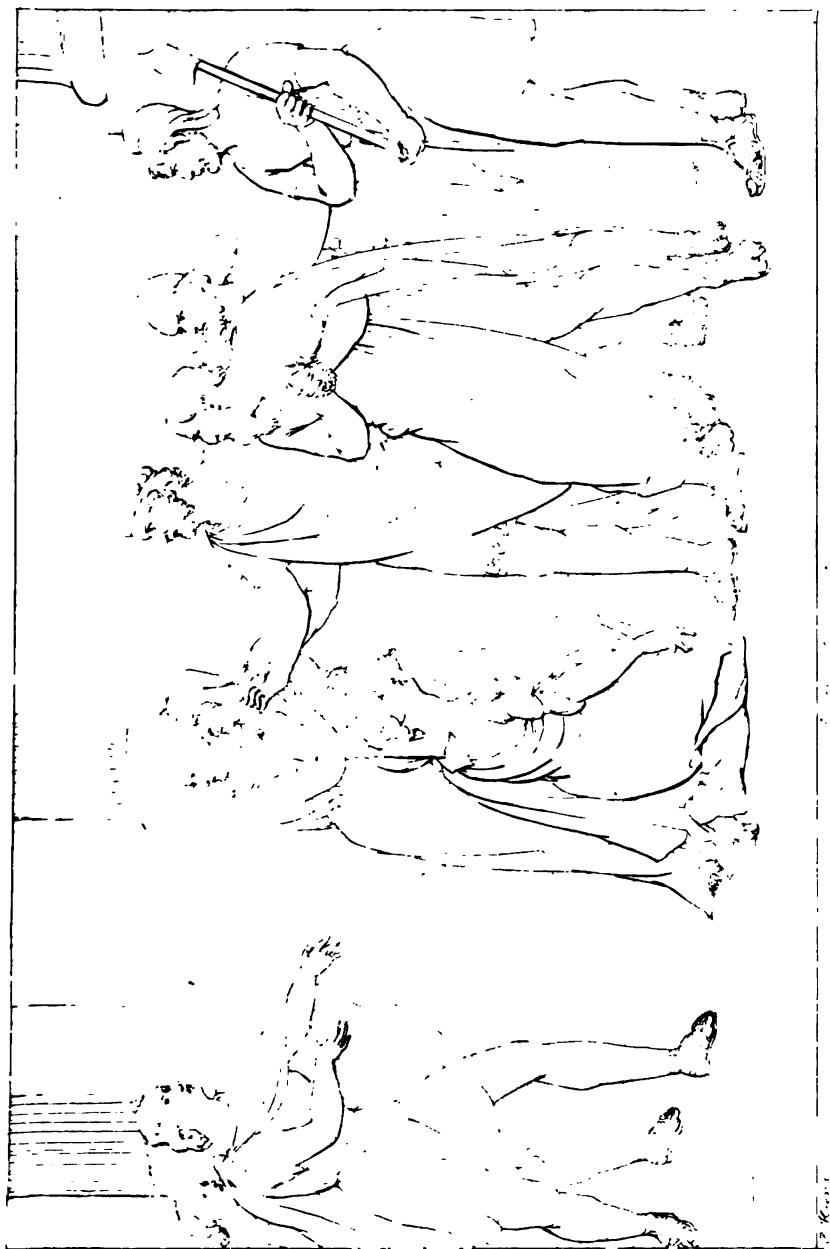
“ AD. . . . The abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence :
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

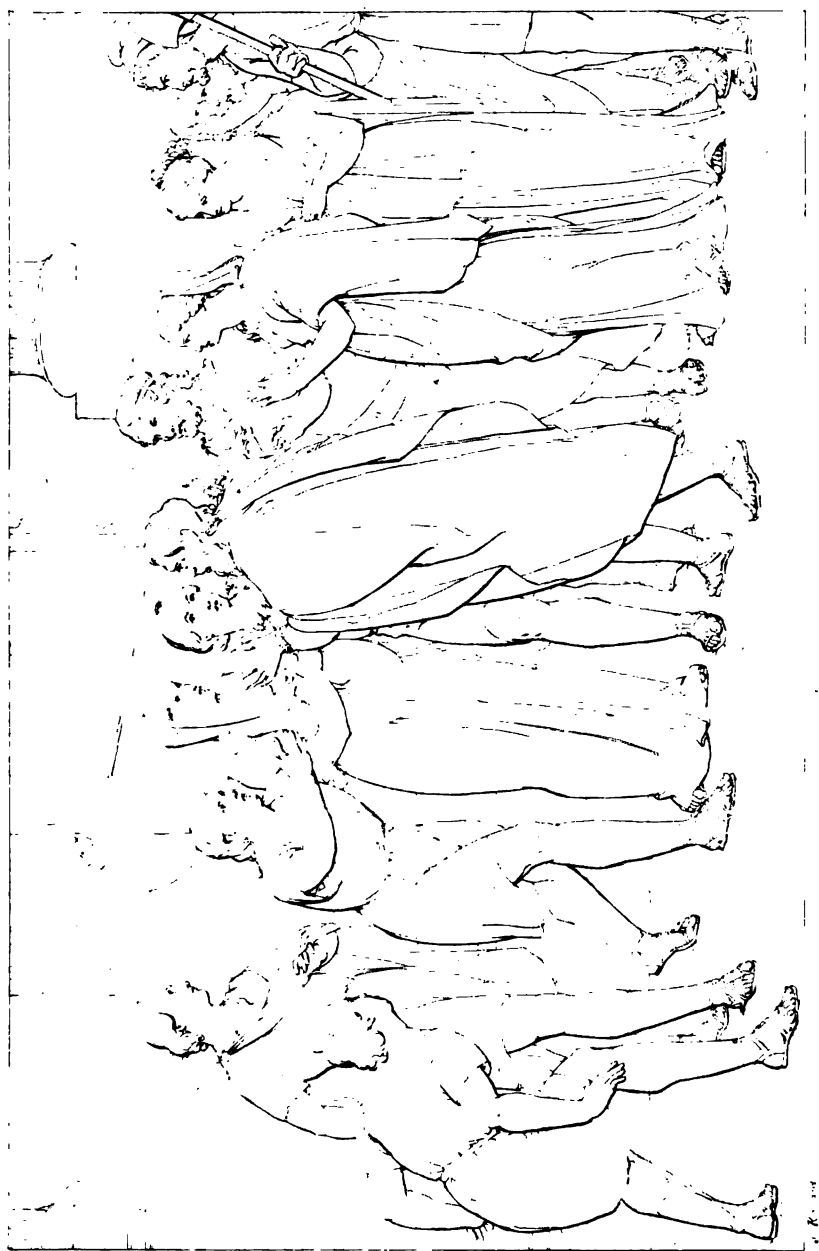
ANT. Justice, most gracious duke ! oh, grant me justice !

ÆGE. Unless the fear of death do make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

ANT. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there—
She whom thou gav’st to me to be my wife ;
That hath abused and dishonour’d me
Even in the strength and height of injury !
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.”

ACT V. S. 1.





XVII.

The Abbess brings in ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

“AD. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO. of S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

DRO. of E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

ANT. of S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

DRO. of S. O my old master! who hath bound him
here?

ABB. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be 'st the man
That had'st a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

ÆGE. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.

DUKE. Why, here begins this morning's story right:
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to the children,
Which accidentally are met together.

.
. Thy father hath his life.”

ACT V. S. 1.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

FOURTEEN PLATES.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD.

B

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE classical grandeur in the subjects of this play renders it peculiarly adapted to pictorial illustration; though one of the least attractive amongst the splendid productions of our bard, in its literary character. The heroes immortalized by Homer and ancient art afford such capabilities for the display of imagination and design, that it has not been confined within the limits of comparatively few plates without regret. Were the play in greater favour, and classical subjects received with more attention, a liberty would have been taken with the plan of these illustrations, and every subject alluded to in the text should have been introduced; it should have been Shakspeare elucidated by Homer, with the aid of Phidias and his brother sculptors. But it would have added to an already extensive work what, in the taste of the

present day, it is to be feared, would be considered an encumbrance. Still one or two subjects have been deemed necessary to the conduct of the story, and one, "Helen disarming Hector," for the sake of introducing the celebrated object of contention in the Trojan war. The strictest accuracy in the costume has been attended to, and the just distinction made between the Greeks and Trojans.





Proctor and Confession No. 2
London Theatre and Day 1911. 1/2. 1/2. 1/2. 1/2. 1/2. 1/2. 1/2. 1/2.

Proctor.

I,

PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA *watching the return of the Trojan chiefs from the field.*—ÆNEAS, ANTE-NOR, HECTOR, PARIS, HELENUS, *and* TROILUS *pass.*

“CRESS. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

PAN. Where? yonder? that’s Deiphobus: ’tis Troilus! there’s a man, niece! Hem! brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry! . . . Look you how his sword is bloodied and his helm more hack’d than Hector’s.”

ACT I. S. 2.

II.

CASSANDRA *raving.*

“CASS. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECT. Peace, sister, peace!

CASS. Virgins and boys, midage and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:—
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears;
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and in woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.”

ACT II. S. 2.

III.

HELEN *assisting to unarm* HECTOR.

"PARIS. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings—disarm great Hector.

HELEN. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself."

ACT III. S. 1.

IV.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

"TRO. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN. What, billing again? Here's
—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

TRO. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? .

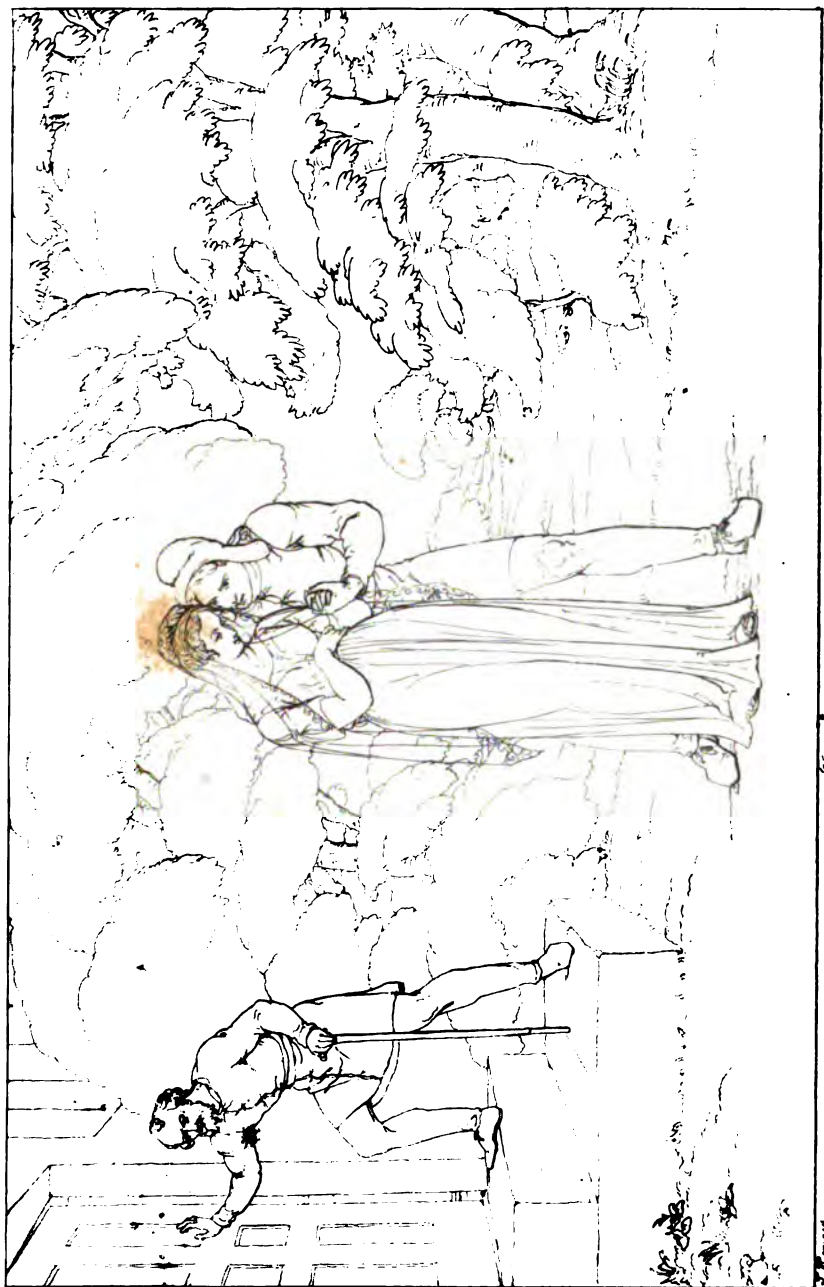
CRESS. Hard to seem won,"

ACT III. S. 2.

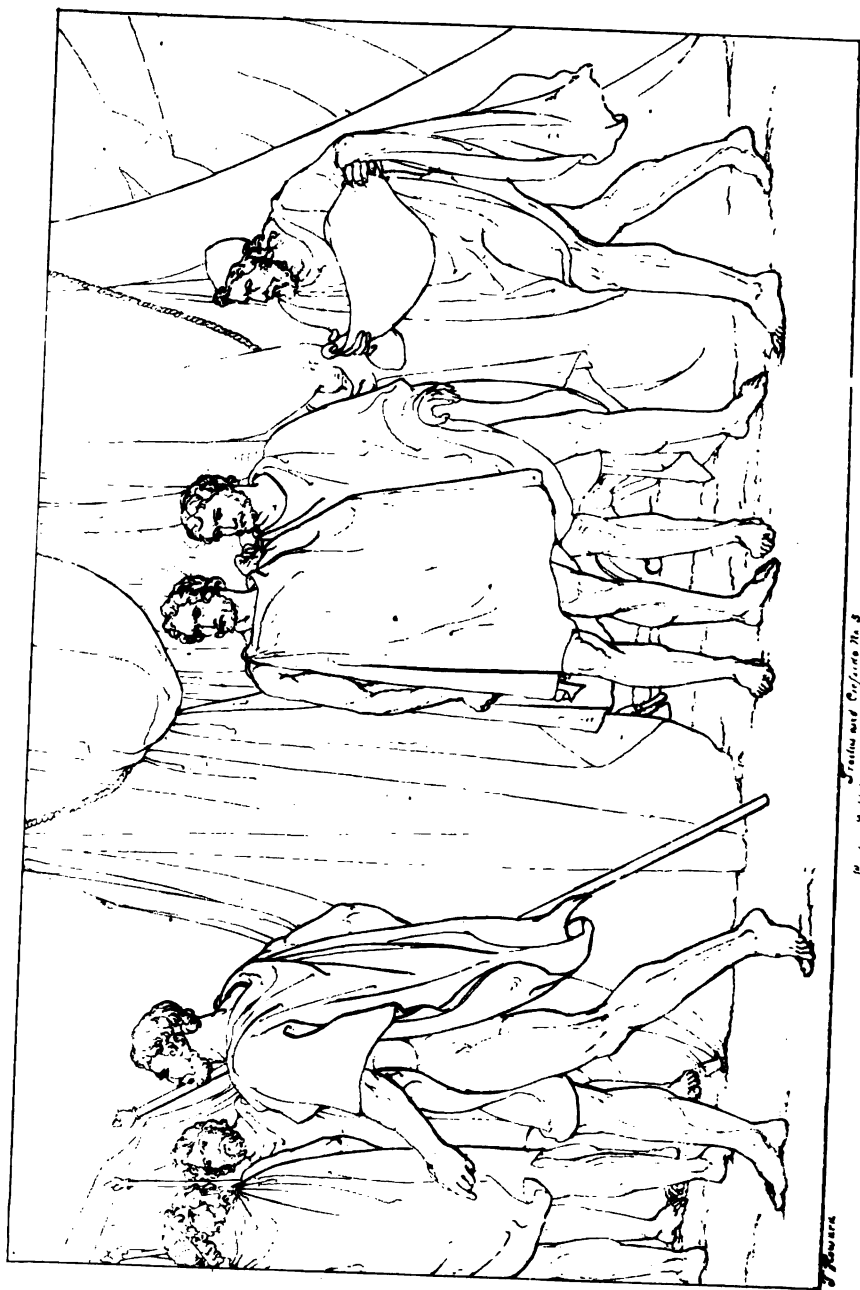


Tricks and Confusion No. 3
London, Illustrated May 1, 1853, for J. C. Ward, Donat.

J. Ward.



*Trilby and Creola No. 4
London Palladium Aug. 1, 1885; p. 5. Cecil Street.*



*Prophet and King, No. 3
 London, 1845 (May 1/1845) No. 3, 1845, 1845*



Trilussa and Crisostomo No. 6
Scenes in which they are, 33: No. 1, Cadiz Street.

V.

The Grecian chiefs pass by ACHILLES and PATROCLUS with slight notice, when they are standing at the entrance of their tent.

“AJAX. How now, Patroclus?

ACHILL. Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX. Ha?

ACHILL. Good morrow.

AJAX. Ay, and good next day too.

ACHILL. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

(*ULYSSES follows, watching the effect of his scheme to mortify ACHILLES' pride.*)

ACT III. S. 2.

VI.

THERSITES *imitating* AJAX.

“THER. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a-stride and a-stand: . . . he knows not me: I said *good morrow, Ajax*, and he replies, *thanks*, Agamemnon.

I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of Ajax.

PAT. Jove bless great Ajax!

THER. Humph!

PAT. I come from the worthy Achilles——

THER. Ha!

ACHILL. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?”

ACT III. S. 3.

VII.

CRESSIDA *given up to the Greeks in exchange for*
ANTENOR.

“TRO. Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way, possess thee what she is.

.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

DIO. O be not moved, Prince Troilus!

.
. to her own worth
She shall be prized;—but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour—no——”

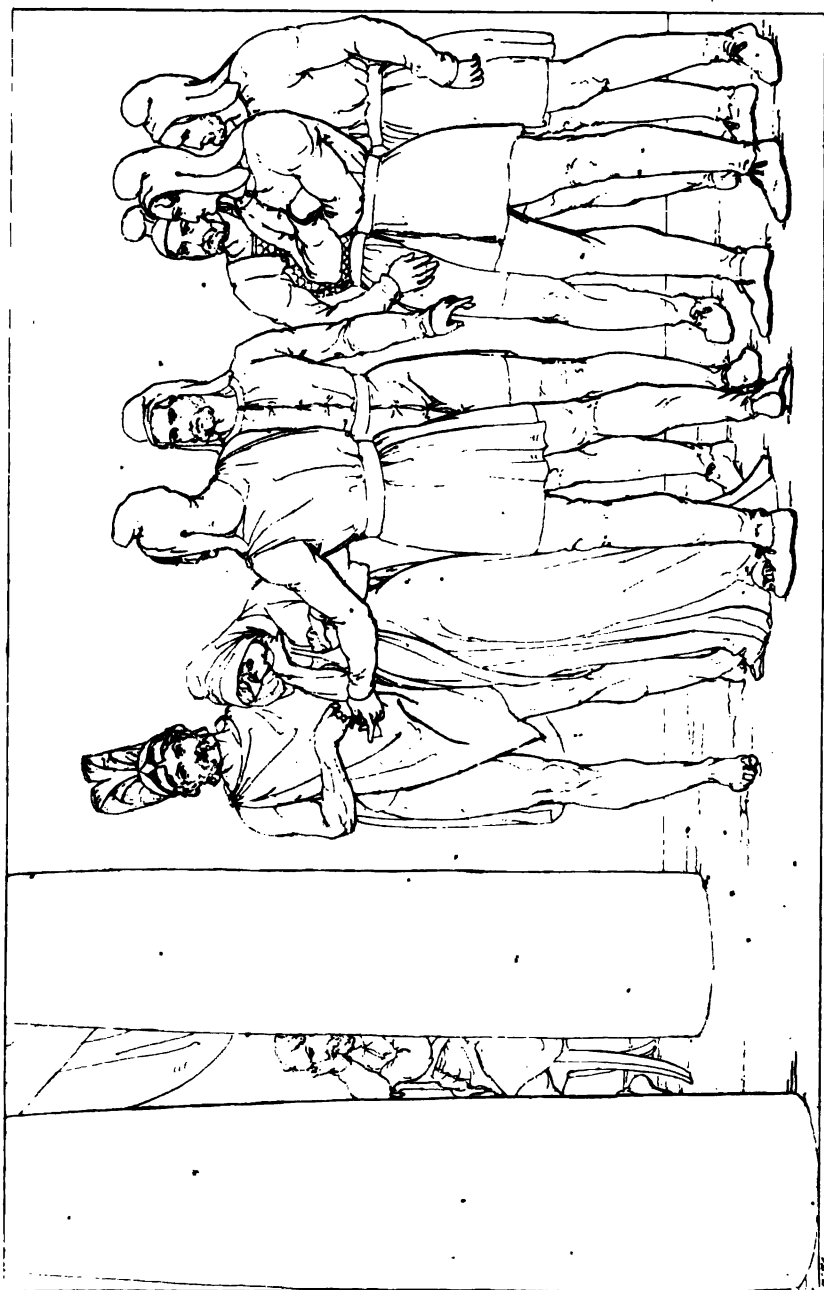
ACT IV. S. 4.

VIII.

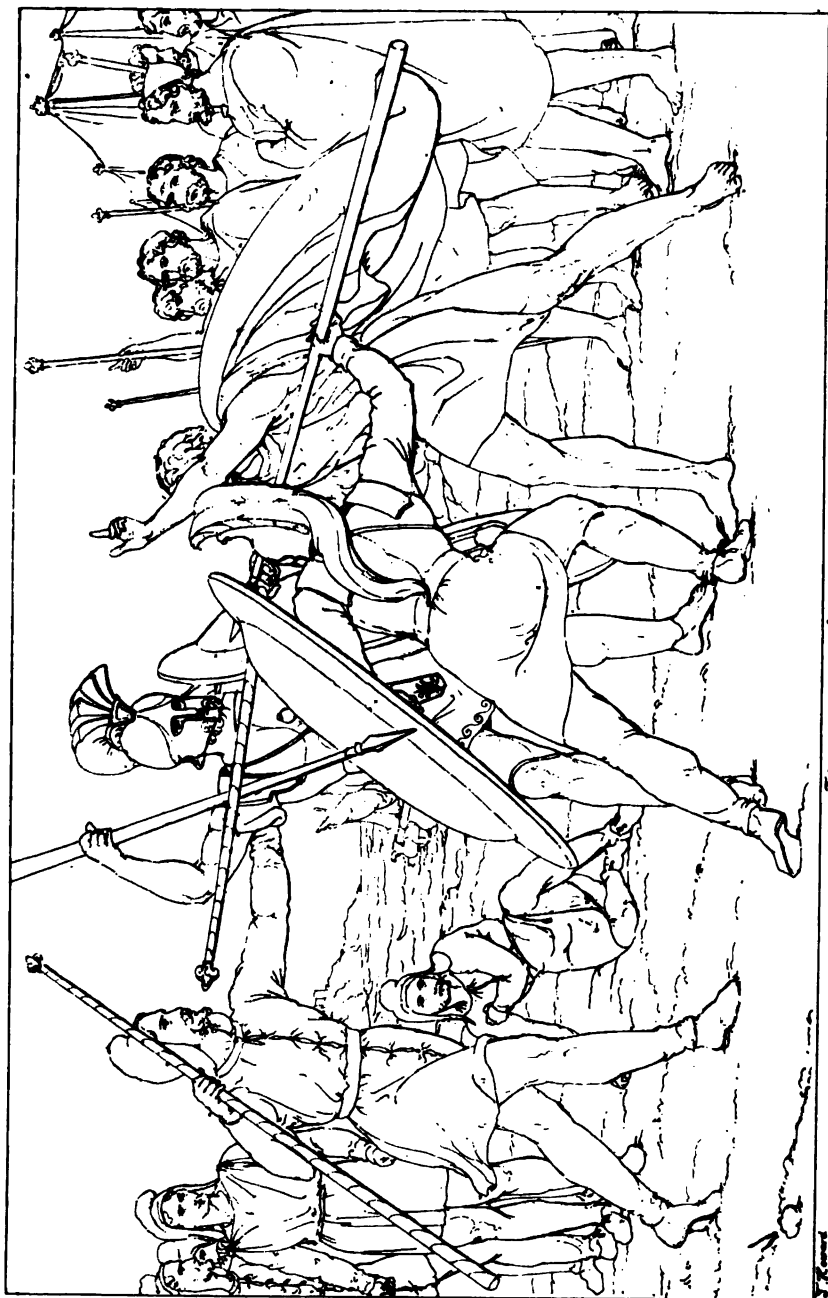
The contest between AJAX and HECTOR.

“DIO. You must no more. *[Trumpets cease.*
ÆNEAS. Princes, enough, so please you.”

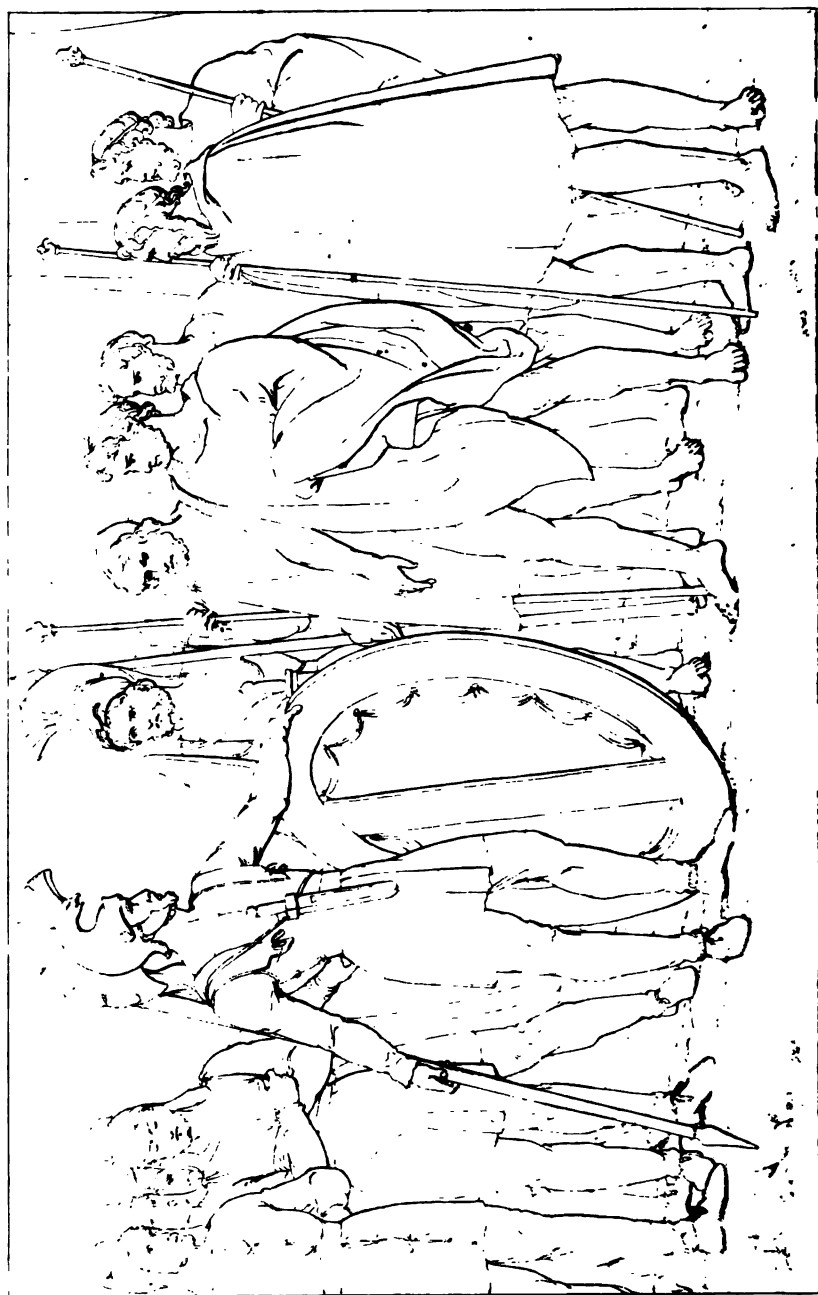
ACT IV. S. 5.



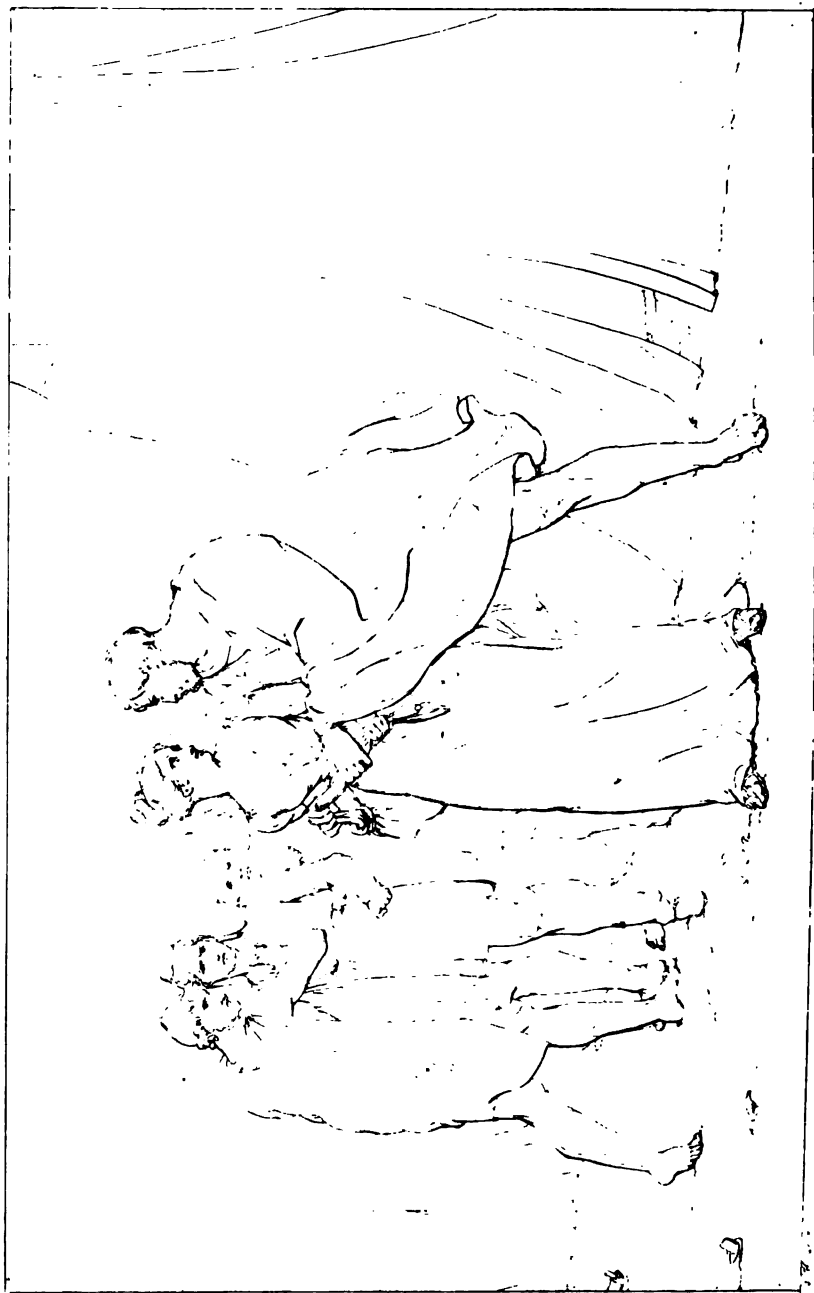
*Arabs and Egyptians No. 7
 from a painted bag 1881, from Cairo Street.*



*Trials and Oracles No. 8
London Published May 1825 for J. Cadell Strand.*



Writing and Learning by
a group of men in the library of the Vatican



IX.

ACHILLES *and* HECTOR.

“HECT. Is this Achilles?

ACHILL. I am Achilles.

HECT. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

ACHILL. Behold thy fill.

HECT. Nay, I have done already.

ACHILL. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.”

ACT IV. S. 5.

X.

TROILUS *with* ULYSSES, *watching*.—DIOMED
and CRESSIDA, *with the sleeve given to her by*
TROILUS.

“CRESS. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that must take my heart withal.

DIO. I had your heart before, this follows it.

TRO. I did swear patience.

CRESS. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall
not:

I'll give you something else.

DIO. I will have this; whose was it?”

ACT V. S. 2.

XI.

ANDROMACHE, CASSANDRA, *and* PRIAM *endeavouring to persuade* HECTOR *not to go to the field.*

"CASS. Lay hold upon him, Priam; hold him fast;
He is thy crutch: now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

PRIAM. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

HECT. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course, by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

CASS. O, Priam, yield not to him.

ANDRO. Do not, dear father.

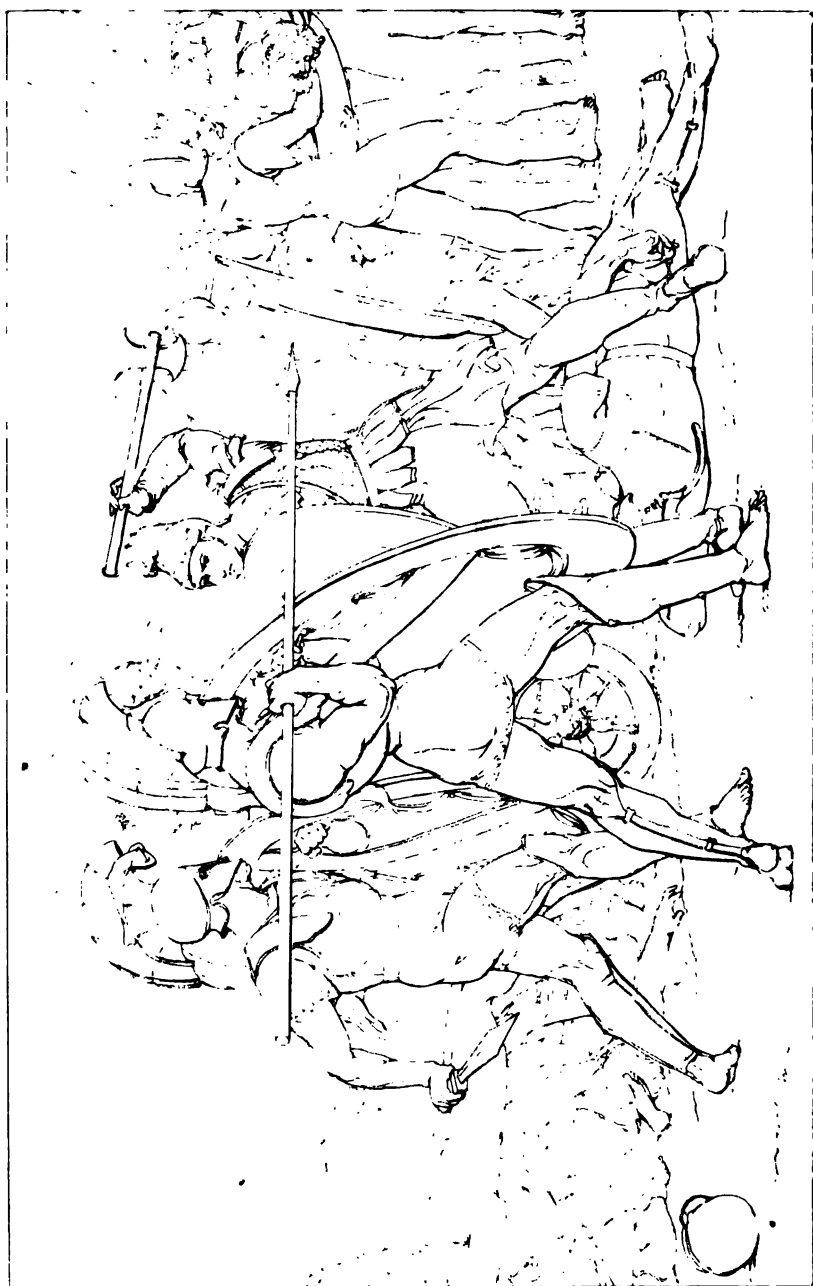
HECT. Andromache, I am offended with you;
Upon the love you bear me, get you in."

ACT V. S. 3.



Phileas and Cleopatra No. 11
A scene discovered Aug. 1, 1931, by J. Gaddell, Detroit.

J. Gaddell



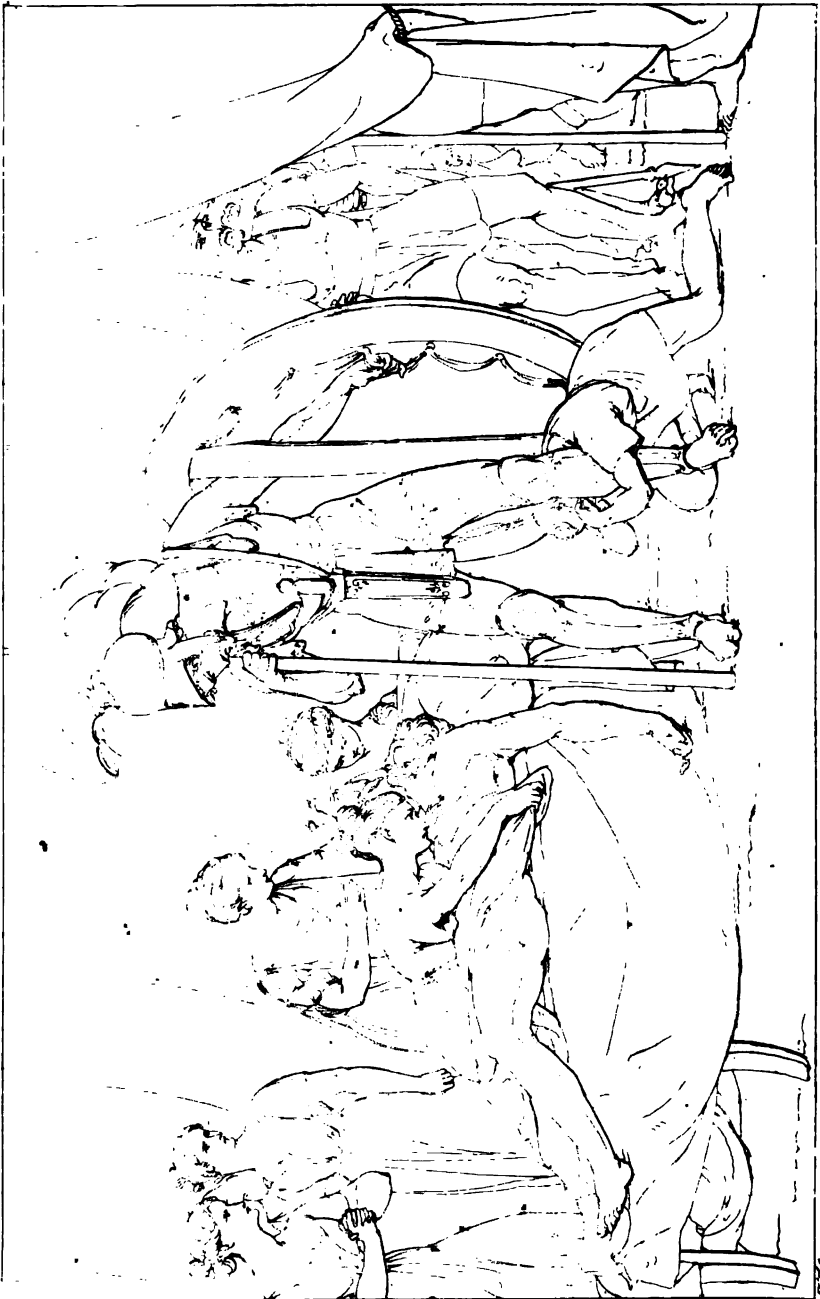


Illustration of a scene from the play "The Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare.

J. H. W. 1894

XII.

The Battle.—TROILUS *engaging* DIOMED and AJAX.—*The body of PATROCLUS carried off to ACHILLES from* HECTOR.

“Go bear Patroclus’ body to Achilles.

ACT V. S. 5.

TROILUS. O traitor, Diomed ! turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow’st me for my horse !

DIO. Ha ! art thou there ?

AJAX. I’ll fight with him alone ; stand, Diomed.

DIO. He is my prize, I will not look upon :

Come both, you cogging Greeks, have at you both.”

ACT V. S. 6.

XIII.

ACHILLES *arming on seeing the dead body of* PATROCLUS.

“Great Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :

Patroclus’ wounds have rous’d his drowsy blood.”

ACT V. S. 5.

XIV.

The death of HECTOR.

“ACHILLES. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the veil and dark’ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector’s life is done.

HECT. I am unarmed : forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHIL. Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.”

ACT V. S. 9.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

EIGHT PLATES.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD.

I.

TIMON *in his days of prosperity*.—FLAVIUS, *his steward, grieving over his imprudent generosity*.

“FLAV. More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour,
Else I should tell him,—well,—i’ faith, I should;
When all’s spent, he’d be cross’d then, an he could.
’Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne’er be wretched for his mind.

TIM. O my friends, I have one word
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel;
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 LORD. I am so far already in your gifts.

ALL. So are we all.”

ACT I. S. 2.

II.

TIMON *finds out his extravagance.*

“VARRO’S SERV. One Varro’s servant, my good lord.

ISIDORE’S SERV. From Isidore ;

She humbly prays your speedy payment——

CAPHIS. If you did know, my lord, my master’s wants——

VAR. SERV. ’Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six
weeks,

And past——

ISID. SERV. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

.

TIM. Wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

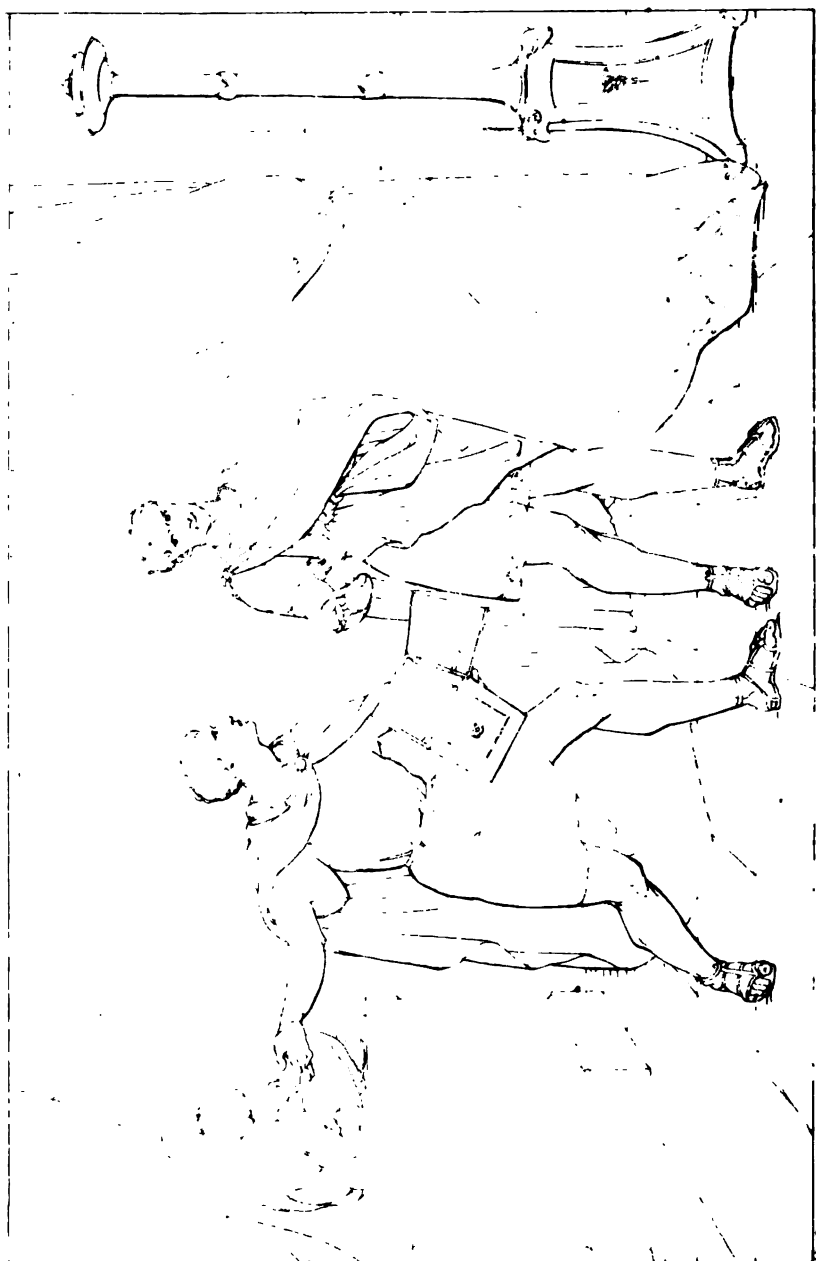
That I might so have rated my expense

As I had leave of means?”

ACT II. S. 2.



London & Richmond March 1844 for J. Cadell & Son



Illegible handwritten text, possibly a signature or date.

Illegible handwritten text, possibly a signature or date.

III.

TIMON'S *servants sent to his false friends to borrow money.*

"FLAM. An empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUCUL. Ha, ha, ha, ha!—nothing doubting, says he? Alas! good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house.

.
Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security."

ACT III. S. 1.

IV.

The banquet of hot water.

“TIM. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon’s last:
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. (*Throwing water in their faces.*)
What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou—”
(*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*)

ACT III. S. 6.

V.

TIMON *in the woods digging for roots, finds gold.*

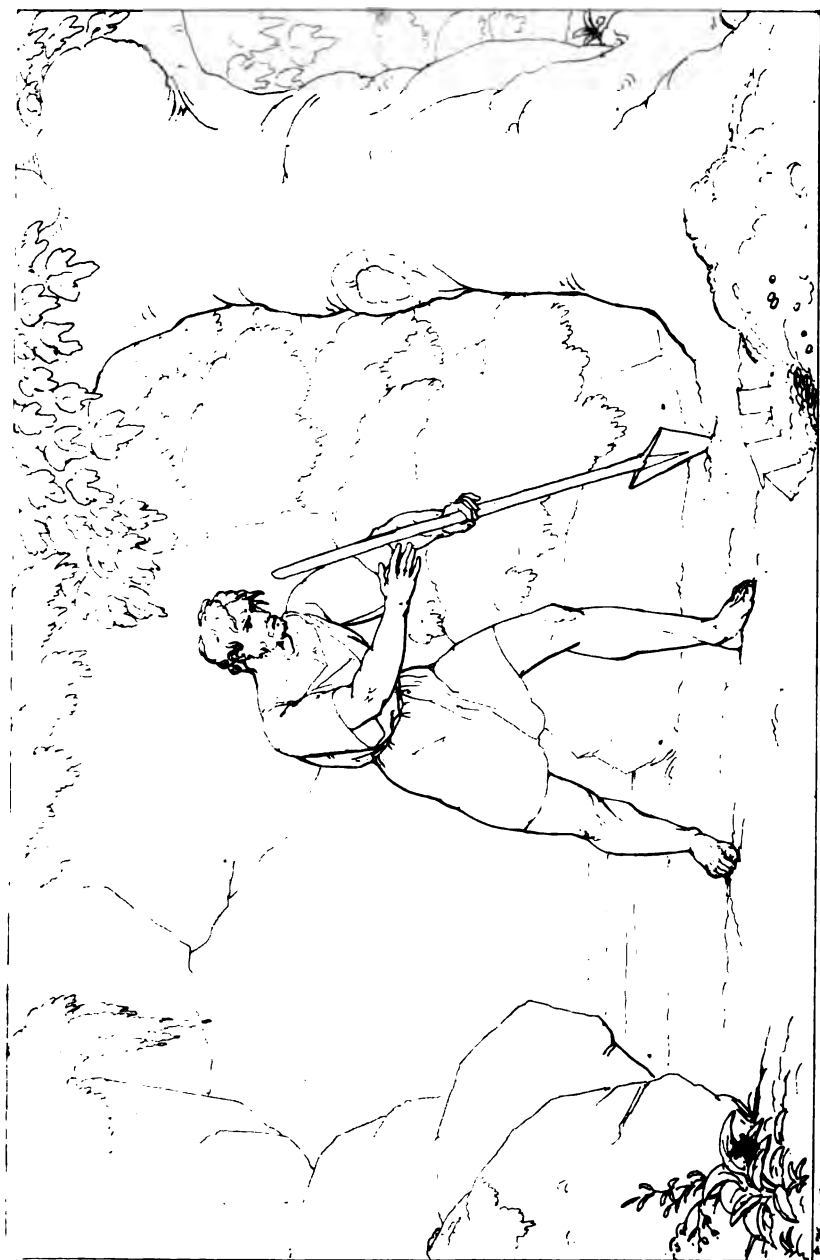
“TIM. What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?”

ACT IV. S. 3.



Figure 3. Card 3. 1. 2

Figure 3



*Figure of Address No. 5.
Boston Exhibition March, 1850 for J. Russell, Seneca*



VI.

TIMON *gives gold to* ALCIBIADES, *who is proceeding to attack* ATHENS, *and to his two mistresses,* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

“TIM. There’s gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone!

ALCIB. Hast thou gold yet? I’ll take the gold thou
givest me—

Not all thy counsel.

PHRY. *and* TIMA. Give us some gold, good Timon;
hast thou more?

TIM. There’s more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you—
And ditches grave you all.”

ACT IV. S. 3.

VII.

TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

“FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

TIM. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild.”

ACT IV. S. 3.



Shri Ram, Hanuman, Lakshmana, Sita
 Ramayana, 1918, S. H. M.

VIII.

SENATORS *come to entreat TIMON to return to Athens and take the command of the army opposed to ALCIBIADES.*

"1 SEN. The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens.

Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
The captainship; thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

TIM. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, and you his,
And last so long enough.
Come not to me again.

What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign."

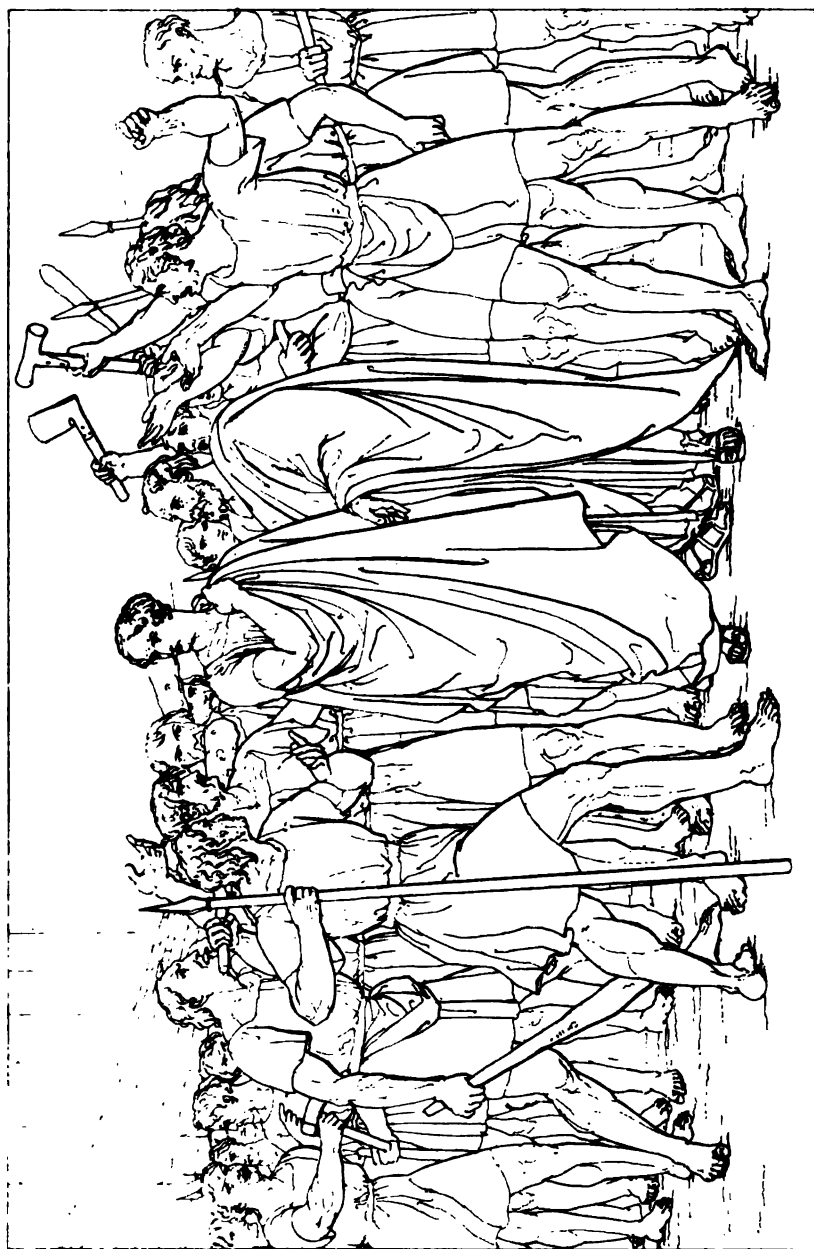
ACT V. S. 2.

CORIO LANUS.

NINE PLATES.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD.



Caricatured July 1, 1829 by J. Smith Brown

J. H. Ward

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

CORIOLANUS.

THE illustrations of this celebrated tragedy have been commenced with the original cause of the hostility between the people and CORIOLANUS; and the mobbing has been condensed as much as possible. To those who remember Kemble in this character, it may appear that some of his *points* have been omitted; but that is the case only where the point has been in the dialogue, and not possible to be represented in pictorial delineation.

I.

CAIUS MARCIUS *opposing the people on the subject of the gratuitous distribution of corn.*

"CIT. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price.

MAR. . . . What's the matter, you dissentious rogues!

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 CIT. We have ever your good word.

MAR. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs?

. What's their seeking?

MEN, For corn at their own rates; whereof they say,
The city is well stored."

ACT I. S. 1.

II.

CAIUS MARCIUS *alone within the walls of Corioli.*

“Following the fliers at the very heels.
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp’d to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all their city.”

ACT I. S. 4.

III.

CAIUS MARCIUS *attacking AUFIDIUS, who is rescued
by some Volsces.*

“AUF. Officious, and not valiant—you have shamed me
In your condemn’d seconds.”

ACT I. S. 8.

IV.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS *stands for consul,
but by the agency of the tribunes the people rise against
him.*

“BRU. The ædiles, ho ! let him be apprehended.

SIC. Lay hold of him,
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

COR.

No; I’ll die here.

(Drawing his sword.)

There’s some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

MEN. Down with that sword;—tribunes, withdraw
awhile.”

ACT III. S. 1.



Illustration No. 1
The Battle of the Marston, 1141

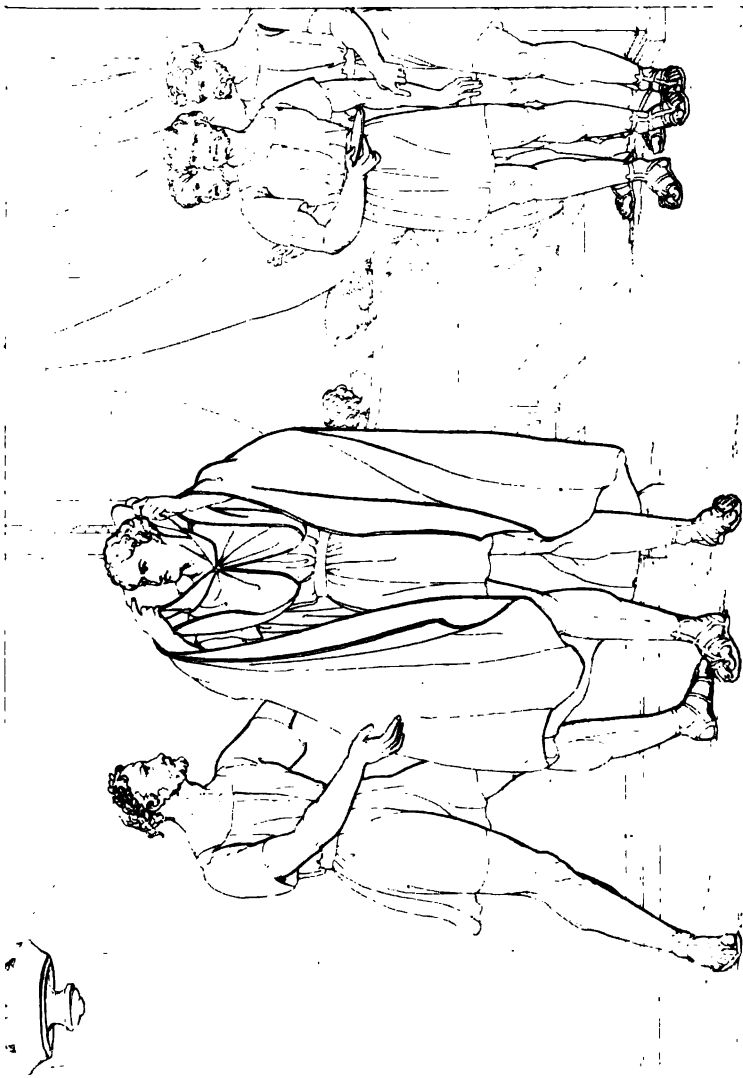


Constantine the Great
Battle of the Milvian, July 31, 312
Engraved by J. C. G. 1840



Senatus, 1889, for the Senate, and
London, 1889, for the Senate, and





Ensemble No. 17
 Given October 1917 for a Great Dress.

V.

CORIANUS *going into banishment, taking leave of his family.*

“COR. Come, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :—the
beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage?”

ACT IV. S. 1.

VI.

CORIANUS *goes to the house of AUFIDIUS.*

“COR. If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

AUF. What is thy name?

COR. A name unmusical to Volscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus :
. only that name remains ;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome.

AUF. O, Marcius, Marcius !
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy.

1 SERV. What an arm he has ! he turned me about
with his finger and thumb, as one would set up a top.”

ACT IV. S. 5.

c

VII.

CORIOLANUS being appointed General of the Volscian Forces, the Romans send and entreat peace in vain. MENENIUS is then persuaded to go, in hopes that his ancient friendship with CORIOLANUS may prevail.

“ COR. Away!

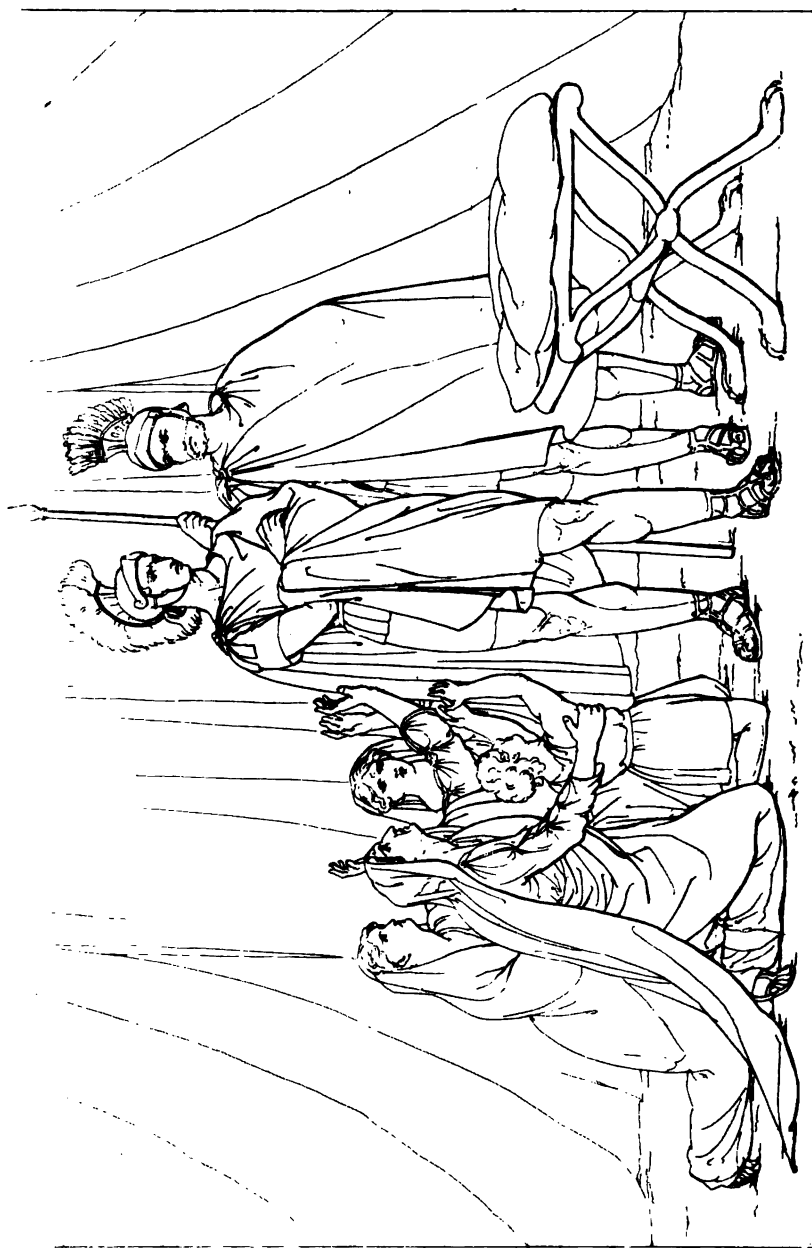
MEN. How! Away?

COR. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others; though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts.
. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it.”

ACT V. S. 2.



Matthew 26: 7.
 Judas Iscariot and his party take the Christ to arrest.



Correlation No. 8
Section Published July 1929 for J. Costell Street

VIII.

CORIOLANUS' *mother, wife, and child, with another noble lady of Rome, come to entreat for peace.* AUFIDIUS' *old hate being revived by the admiration of the Volsces for CORIOLANUS, he seeks occasion to destroy him.*

"VOL. Thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

VIR. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

VOL. Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny it.

AUF. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune." *(Aside.)*

ACT V. S. 3.

IX.

CORIOLANUS *accused by AUFIDIUS of having betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Volsces. They rise against him.*

“ **AUF.** At his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory ;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering at each other.

COR. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears !

COR. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O slave !—
Cut me to pieces, Volsces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli ;
Alone I did it.—Boy !

CIT. Tear him to pieces !”

ACT V. S. 5.



*Coriolanus, No. 9
 London Publisher July 1839 / No. 5, Canall Street*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

NINE PLATES.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD.

B

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

HAVING entered upon the historical plays, it may be necessary to premise some of the restrictions within which the work will be kept, and the reasons for so doing. Many events are alluded to in the conduct of the play which, though totally unconnected with the main plot, are necessary for the development of character—filling up the inferior parts of the scenes—and giving an historical air to the whole. These, if represented, would only distract the attention, and serve to confuse, rather than to elucidate, the principal subject. The scenes, therefore, which have been taken from *JULIUS CÆSAR* are only those of the highest rank in the play. The acts of the mob, the “portents,” battles, &c. have been omitted, unless a principal character is involved, as *ANTONY* in his funeral oration over *CÆSAR*’s body, and *BRUTUS* with the ghost of *CÆSAR* in his tent. *PORTIA*’s death has also been omitted, as totally unfit for pictorial representation. *JULIUS CÆSAR*, *BRUTUS*, and *ANTONY* are portraits.

I.

ANTONY *offering the crown to CÆSAR.*—CASSIUS
endeavouring to rouse BRUTUS.

“ . . . Mark Antony *offered* him a crown; . . . he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar.

CASS. I have heard,
When many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that Brutus had his eyes.

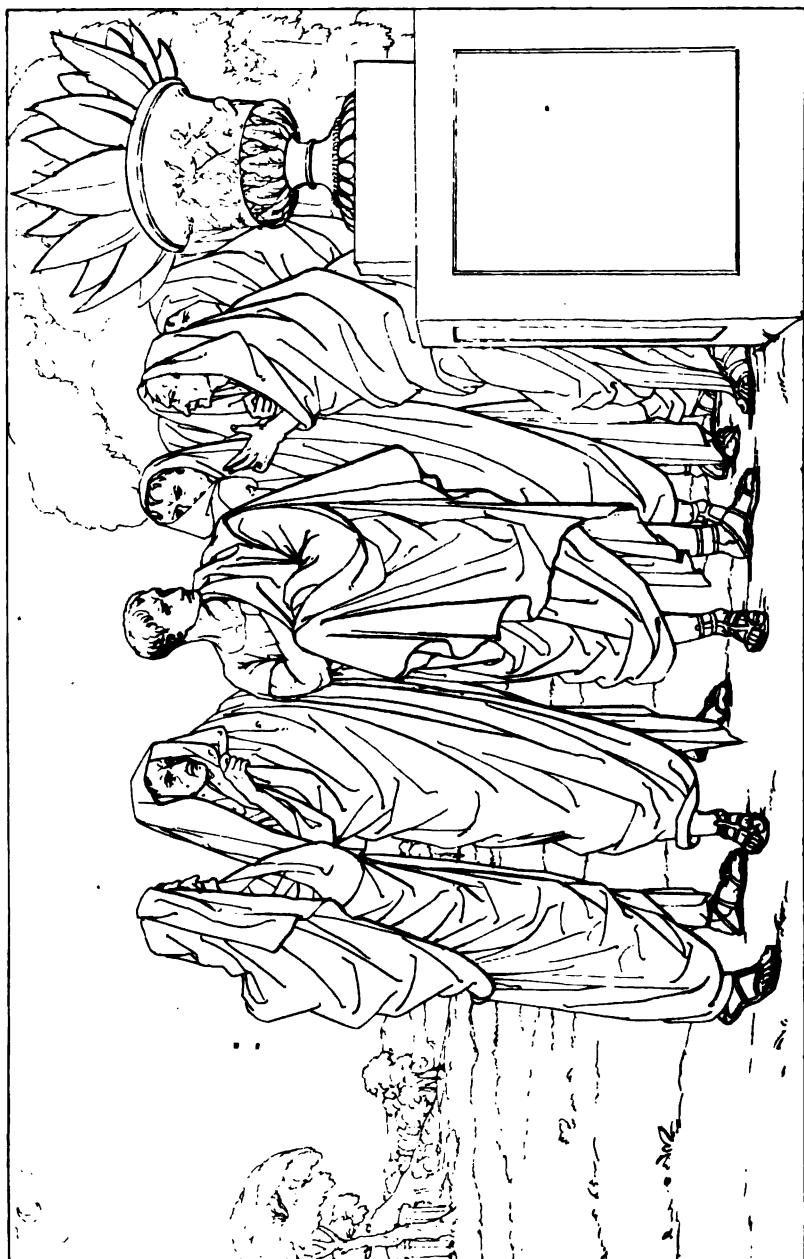
BRU. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CASS. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRU. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.”

ACT I. S. 2.



—*Adonis Carus No. 2*—
—*Boston Athenaeum April 1878 Jan. 21. English. French.*



*Julius Caesar, Dec. 3.
London. Engraved April 1, 1816 for J. G. Smith.*

II.

BRUTUS *with the Conspirators.*

“DECIVS. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

CASS. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar.

BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

And, gentle friends,
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.”

ACT II. S. 1.

III.

BRUTUS *and* PORTIA.

“POR. No, my Brutus!
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,

That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRU. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

POR. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.”

ACT II. S. 1.

IV.

The Conspirators coming to fetch CÆSAR to the Capitol.—CALPHURNIA endeavouring to prevent his going.

“ CÆSAR. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;—

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRU. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!”

ACT II. S. 2.

V.

The death of CÆSAR.—The Conspirators join in requesting the repeal of PUBLIUS CIMBER's banishment.

“ CINNA. O Cæsar!——

CÆSAR. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

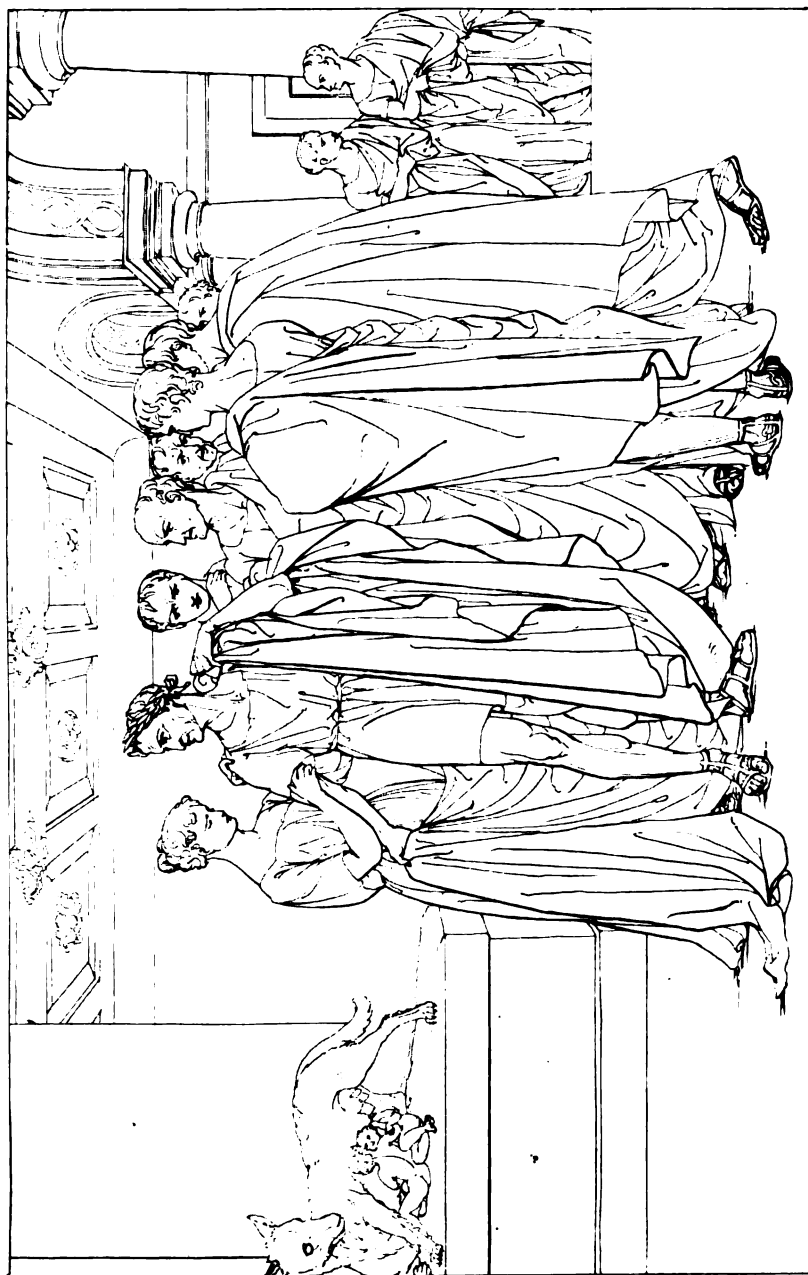
DEC. Great Cæsar!——

CÆSAR. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me.”

(Stabs CÆSAR in the neck. The other Conspirators then stab him, and at last BRUTUS. The senators and people retire in confusion.)

ACT III. S. 1.



Johns Corner, N.Y.
 Roman Statues April 1888 for J. C. Coddell, Strand

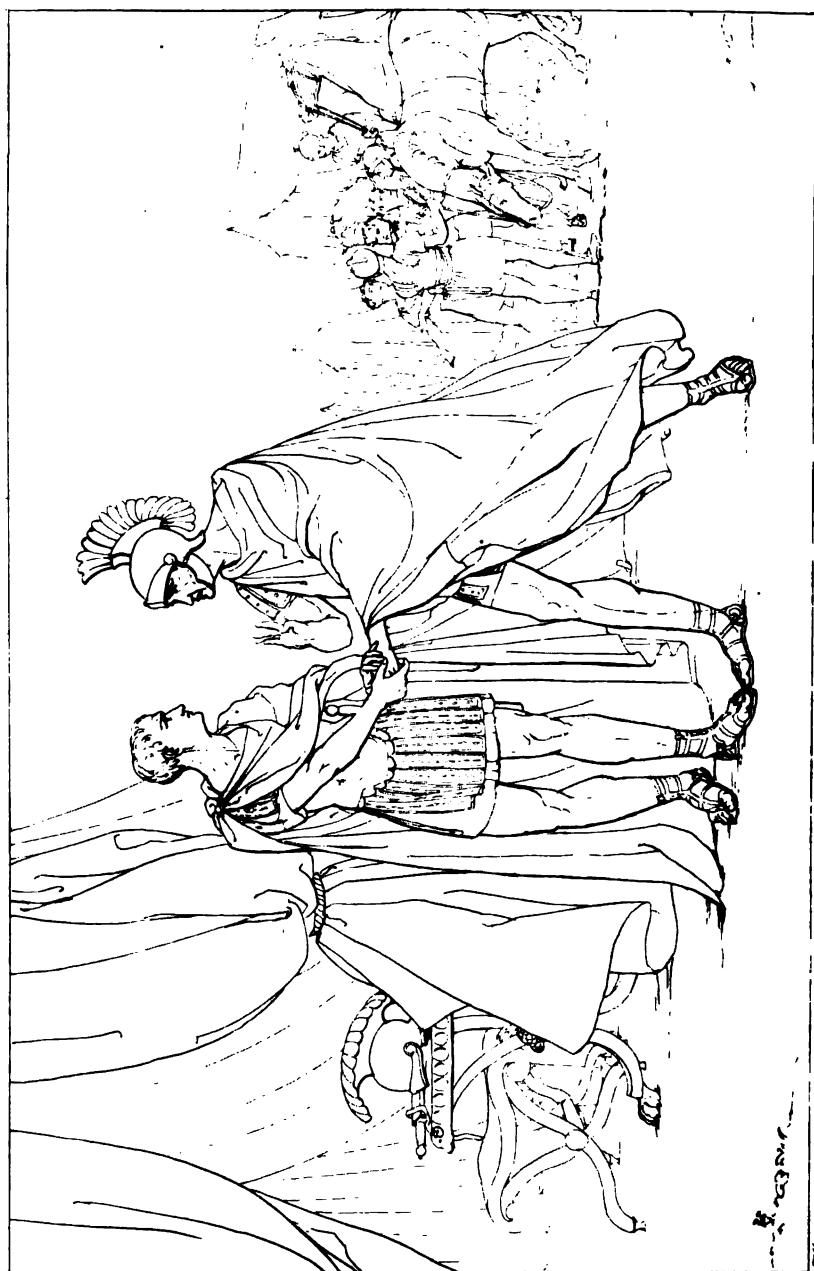
J. Russell



*Juliana Emma, No. 5.
London, England, April 1891. J. H. M. 1891.*



*James Cameron 6
Boston Bulletin April 1922 for J. M. C. 1922*



— K. 1030 —
J. H. Russell

*Public Domain
Reproduction of the original
published April 1, 1918 for the
United States Government*

VI.

ANTONY's *speech over the dead body of CÆSAR.*

"ANT.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st CIT. O piteous spectacle!

2d CIT. O noble Cæsar!

3d CIT. O woful day!

4th CIT. O traitors! villains!

1st CIT. O most bloody sight!

2d CIT. We will be revenged! Revenge! about,—
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live!"

ACT III. S. 2.

VII.

*After the reconciliation between BRUTUS and
CASSIUS.*

"BRU. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASS. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRU. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

CASS. Ha! Portia?

BRU. She's dead.

CASS. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?"

ACT IV. S. 3.

VIII.

BRUTUS *reading*.—*Ghost of CÆSAR enters.*

“BRU. How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak’st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why comest thou?

GHOST. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.” (*Vanishes.*)

ACT IV. S. 3.

IX.

Battle of Philippi.

“BRU. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails.

ACT V. S. 3.

I pr’ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it.

Farewell, good Strato!—Cæsar, now be still:

I kill’d not thee with half so good a will. ACT V. S. 5.

*The dead bodies of CASSIUS and TITINIUS are lying
in the middle ground.*

Brave Titinius!

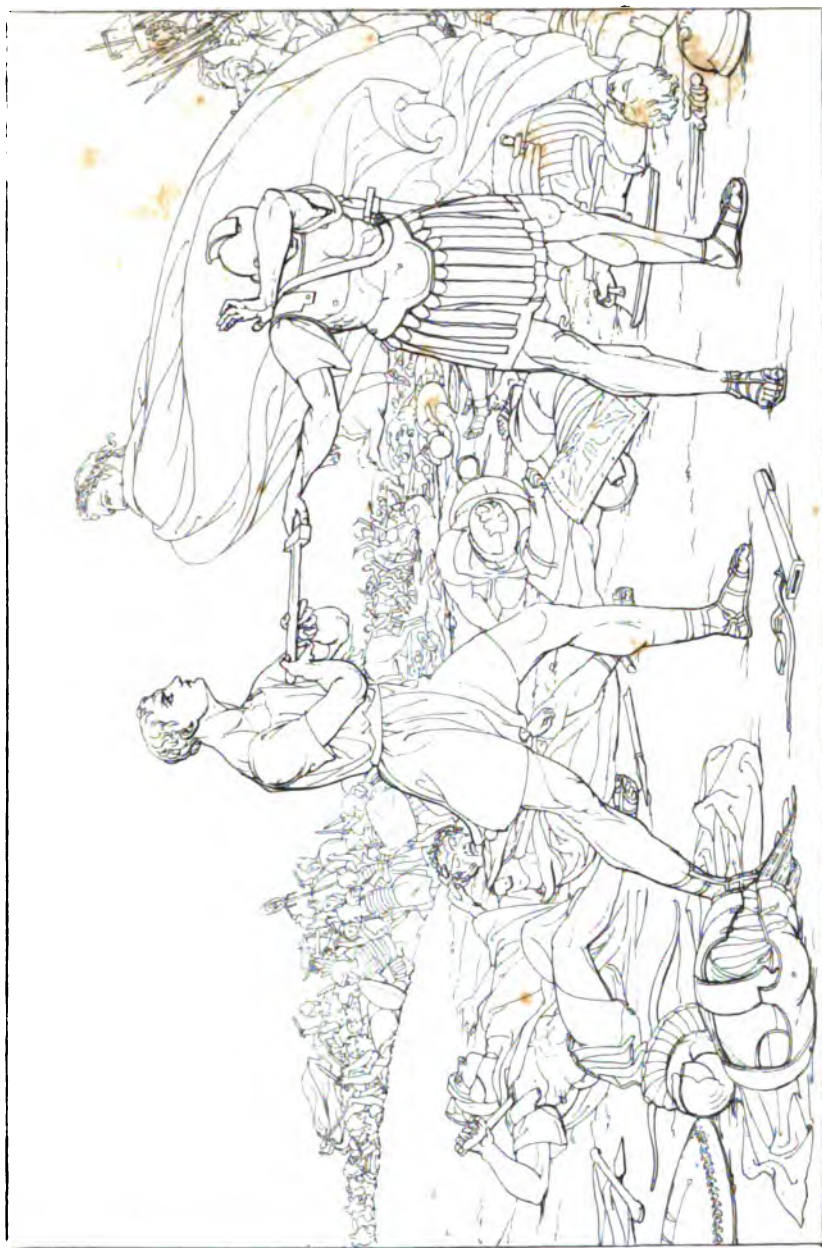
Look whe’r he have not crown’d dead Cassius!”

ACT V. S. 3.



*Julia (mar. 114 B.C.)
 Roman, 1st century B.C., 114 B.C. for J. C. Codd Stand*

J. C. Codd



*Julius Caesar 1269
London Illustrated April 1, 1928 for J. Cadell Street*

J. Howard

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THIRTEEN PLATES.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD.

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THE remarks prefixed to JULIUS CÆSAR will also closely apply to the choice of subjects in this play. The continual change of place, without any incident particularly illustrative of the story, rendered it absolutely necessary to take up the main plot, and illustrate it by the most characteristic scenes, overlooking many of the minor points, and amongst them the scene in POMPEY'S galley. In short, ANTONY and CLEOPATRA have been made decidedly the subjects; and no more of the other characters introduced than was found useful for the development of the principals. ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA are all portraits.

I.

CLEOPATRA *arriving at Taurus.*

“. . . The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were silver ;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description : she did lie
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
 O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings : at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
 Swells with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.”

ACT II. S. 2.



*Anthony and Cleopatra, Act I.
 London, Published April 1, 1918 for J. C. M. Co., Ltd.*

J. K. M.



*Antony and Cleopatra, Act 3.
Scene 1. (After April 1, 1911, for J. T. Coddell, Bristol.)*

II.

ANTONY *taking leave of CLEOPATRA on hearing of the death of his wife FULVIA.*

“CLEO. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows’ bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven.

ANT. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you.

My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia’s death.

CLEO. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that’s not it;
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there’s not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten!”

ACT I. S. 3.

III.

*The meeting between OCTAVIUS CÆSAR and
ANTONY.*

" CÆSAR. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

.
You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP. Soft, Cæsar.

ANT. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath?—

CÆSAR. To lend me arms, and aid, when I required
them;
The which you both denied."

ACT II. S. 2.

IV.

The marriage of ANTONY with OCTAVIA.

" . . . He's married to Octavia.

ACT II. S. 5.

CÆSAR. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it."

ACT III. S. 2.

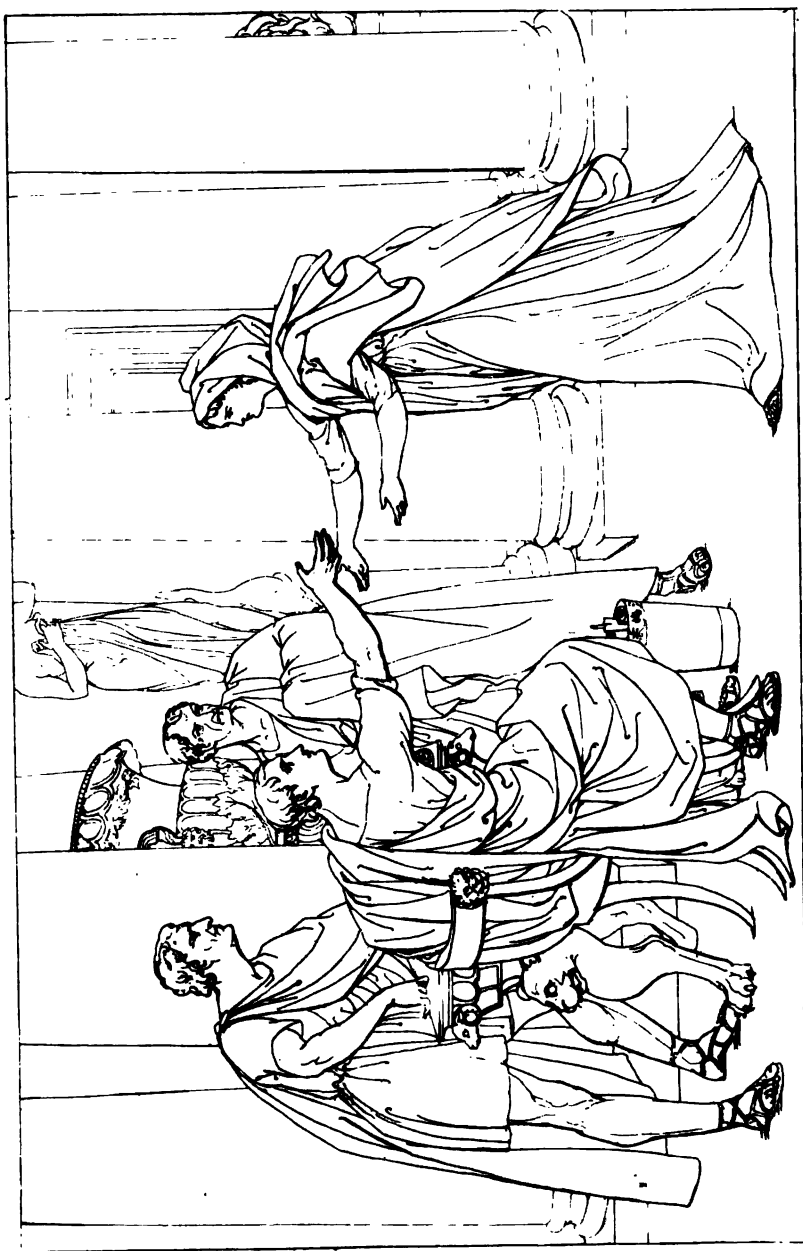


London and Cleopatra 1921
London Published April 1928 for J. Cadell. Sweden.



The group of people in the foreground
 are the same as in the first illustration

The group



*Anthony and Cleopatra, No. 3.
London, Illustrated, April 1, 1880, for J. C. Collis, Strand.*

J. H. Thomas

V.

The return of OCTAVIA to Rome.

"OCT. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

CÆSAR. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

OCT. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

CÆSAR. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come
not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome.

OCT. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will.

AGRIPPA. Welcome, lady.

MECÆNAS. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you."

ACT III. S. 6.

VI.

ANTONY *perceiving CLEOPATRA's flight from the
battle of Actium.*

" The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder.

.
She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her."

ACT III. S. 8.

VII.

The meeting after the battle.

" CLEO. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

ANT. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after.

CLEO. O, my pardon !"

ACT III. S. 9.



*“Looking and Looking at the Sea”
Boston Herald, April 1913 for J. C. G. Brown*



Admiral Chapman's
London, Published April 1, 1822 for J. (until Street)

J. P. Jones



*Adelphus and Cleopatra, Act 3
Parthenon, Munich, April 1, 1838 (for J. C. Muller, St. Paul)*

VIII.

CLEOPATRA *assisting to arm* ANTONY.

"CLEO. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Is not this buckled well?

ANT. Rarely, rarely;
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou:—Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation!"

ACT IV. S. 4.

IX.

"ANT. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! avaunt!

CLEO. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

ANT. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex."

ACT IV. S. 10.

X.

ANTONY *calls upon* EROS *to kill him.*

“EROS. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee. *(Turning from him.)*

EROS. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANT. Now, Eros.

EROS. Why, there then:— *(Falls on his sword.)*
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. *(Dies.)*

ANT. Thrice nobler than myself!

.
Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
I learn'd of thee. *(Falls on his sword.)*

How! not yet dead? not dead?
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me!

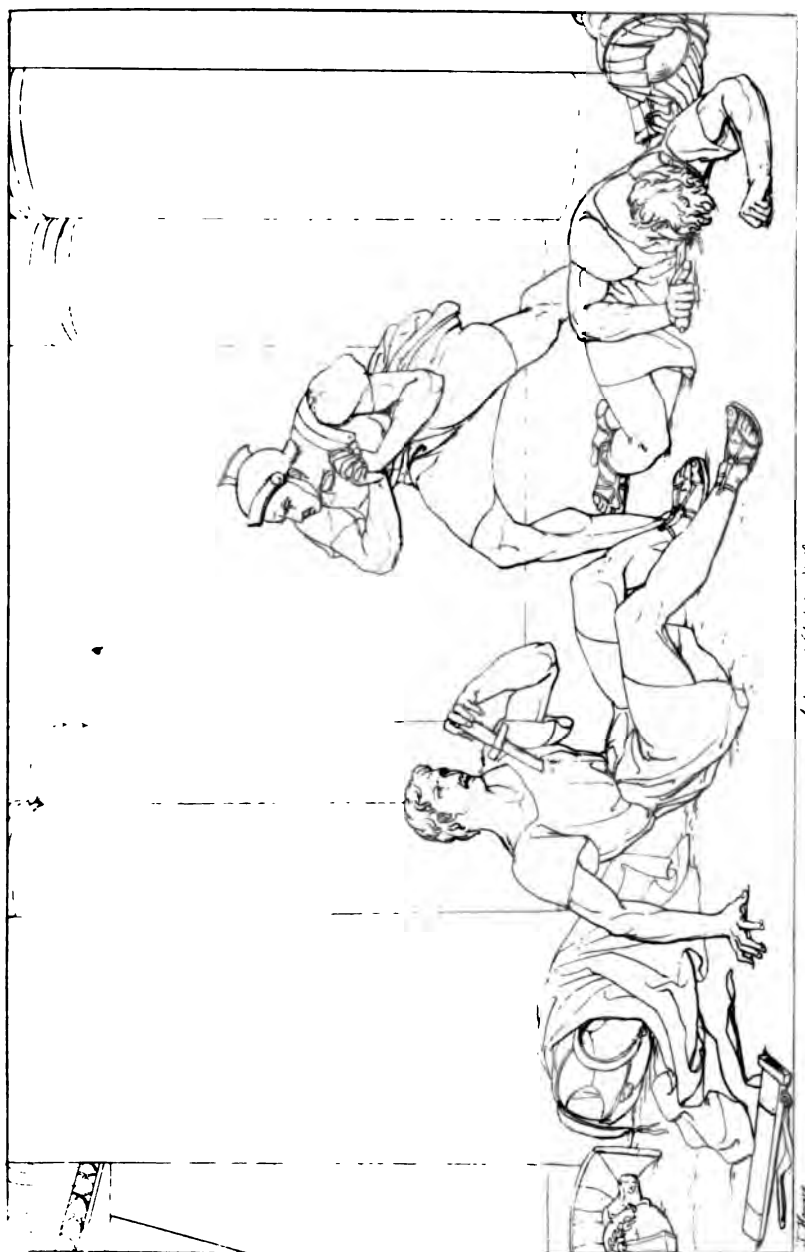
Enter Guard.

What's the noise?

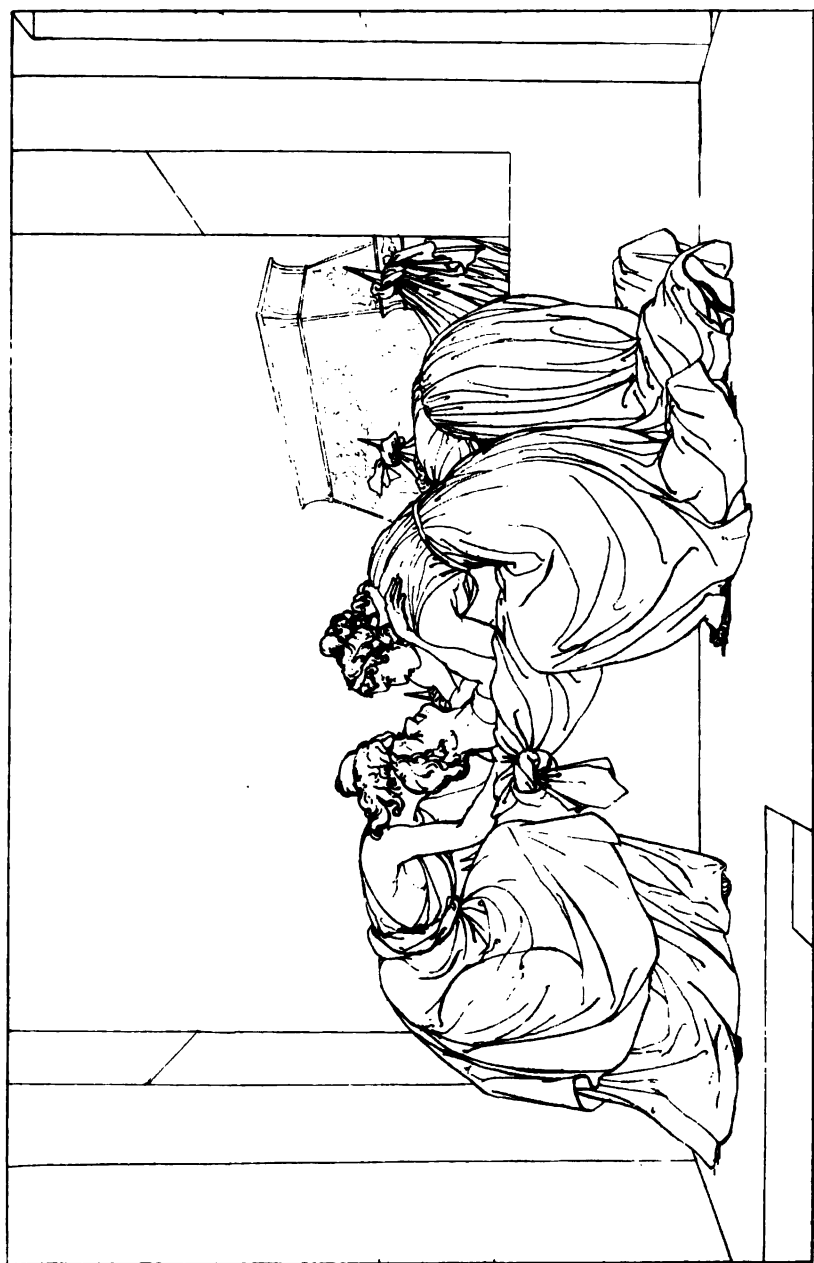
ANT. I have done my work ill, friends; O make an
end
Of what I have begun!

GUARD. Alas, and woe!”

ACT IV. S. 12.



*Boxing and "Cigarettes" in 18
London, England, April 1, 1912 for J. H. H. H. H.*



—
Amy and Olympia, Pl. 11
—
London, 1821, for J. C. G. G. G. G.

J. W. H.



*Antony and Cleopatra 1613
London: Published April 1822 for J. Rodell Sonnet*

W. H. W.

XI.

CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and CHARMIAN *raising up*
ANTONY *into the monument.*

“CLEO. Come, come, Antony!—
Help me, my women.—We must draw thee up.—
. O come, come, come;
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying:”

ACT IV. S. 13.

*(The guard are assisting in raising ANTONY by
means of his cloak tied to the points of their spears.)*

XII.

CÆSAR's interview with CLEOPATRA.—CLEO-
PATRA *kneels.*

“CÆSAR. Arise,
You shall not kneel:—
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
CLEO. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord,
I must obey.”

ACT V. S. 2.

XIII.

The death of CLEOPATRA.

“CLEO. Show me, my women, like a queen.—Go fetch
My best attire;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.

. So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell!

(Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.)

Have I the aspic in my lips? dost fall?

CHAR. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

CLEO. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,
(To the Asp, which she applies to her breast.)
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie.”

ACT V. S. 2.



--- Laboratory and Chapote No. 13 ---
Boston, 11th Nov. 1870 for J. Coddell Stand.

CYMBELINE.

EIGHTEEN PLATES.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD.

B

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

CYMBELINE.

Two introductory scenes have been found necessary to explain the story—BELARIUS stealing the children ; and the second marriage of CYMBELINE. The former to show the connexion between GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, and CYMBELINE ; the latter to give the relative situations of the principal characters at the commencement of the play.

Shakspeare has rendered a few deviations from strict costume absolutely necessary ; but care has been taken that such deviations are as slight as possible, and in such a course as alone was practicable, viz. importations from Rome.

I.

BELARIUS *and* EURIPHILE *stealing* GUIDERIUS
and ARVIRAGUS, *sons of* CYMBELINE.

“BEL. At three and two years old I stole these babes.

ACT III. S. 3.

 Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment.”

ACT V. S. 5.

IMOGEN *is left sleeping on the couch.*

II.

The marriage of CYMBELINE *with the mother of*
CLOTEN.

. “A widow
That late he married.”

ACT I. S. 1.

POSTHUMUS *is ingratiating himself with* IMOGEN,
and CLOTEN *receiving the first impression.*



Fig. 1. The scene of the play "The Merchant of Venice" (Act I, Scene 1).



Figures de la Chapelle de la Vierge à Paris



Figure 1. The group of people in the scene.

III.

The banishment of POSTHUMUS.

“ Post. For my sake, wear this.
(*Putting on a bracelet.*)

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest:—Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is."

ACT I. S. 2.

The QUEEN is seen as the instigator of CYMBELINE's cruelty; and CLOTEN meditating his attack on POSTHUMUS.

IV.

POSTHUMUS' *wager with* IACHIMO.

“Post. I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here’s my ring.”

ACT I. S. 5.

V.

IACHIMO's attempt on IMOGEN.

" IACH. Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMO. Away! I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike."

ACT I. S. 7.

VI.

IACHIMO *stealing* IMOGEN's bracelet.

" IACH. O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off!—
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.—
'Tis mine."

ACT II. S. 2.

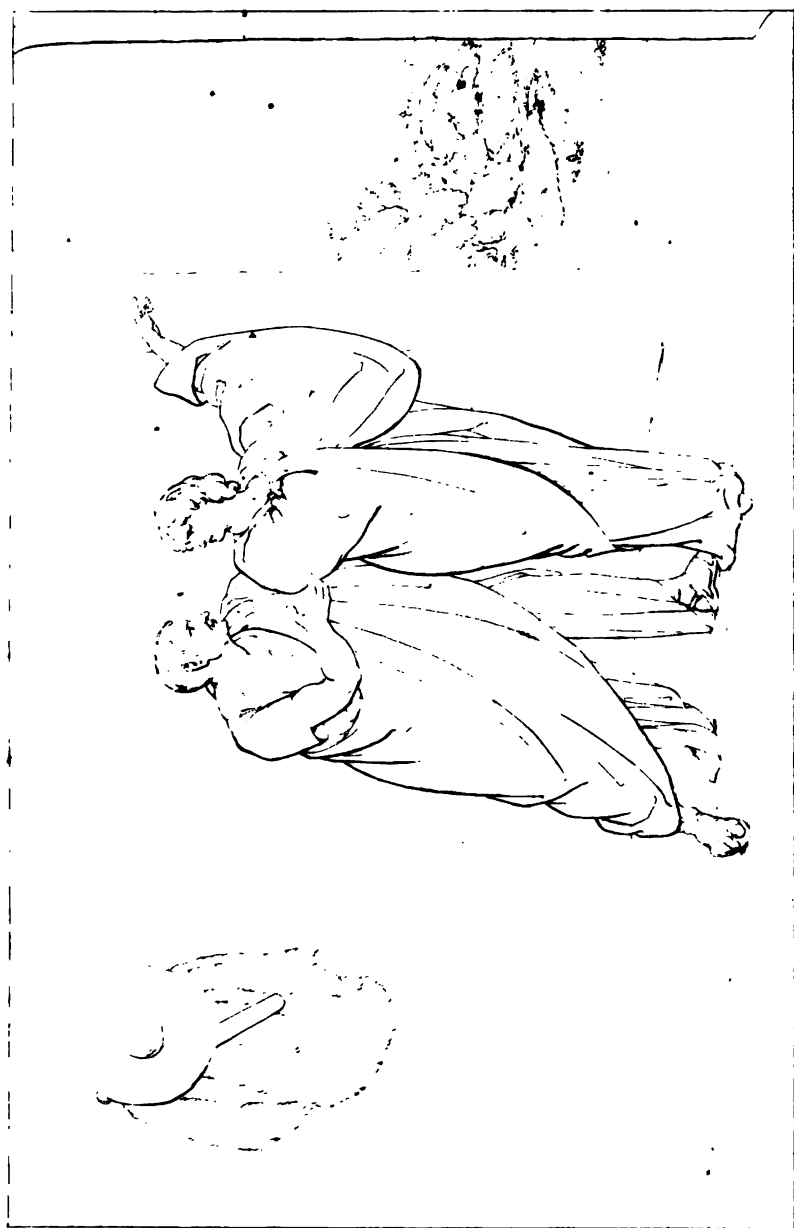
VII.

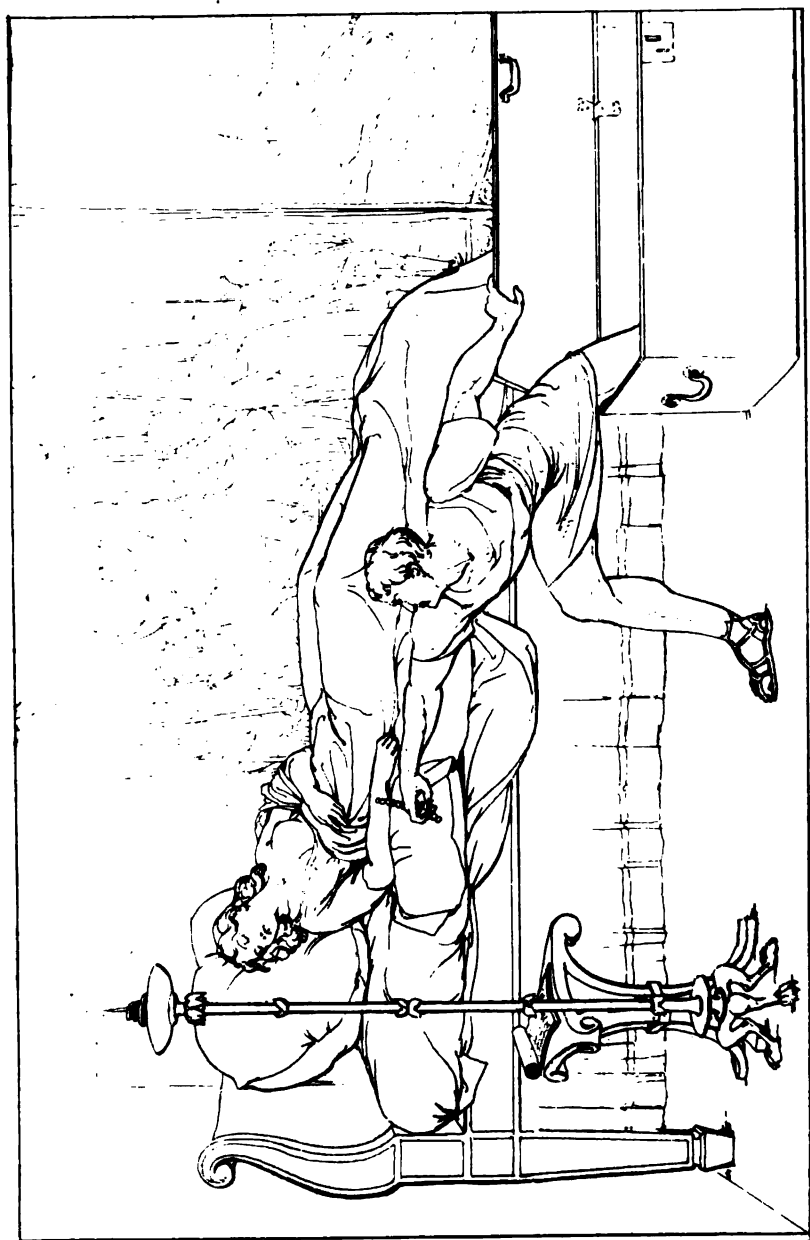
CLOTEN *tendering his services to* IMOGEN.

" CLOTEN. . . . Still, I swear I love you.

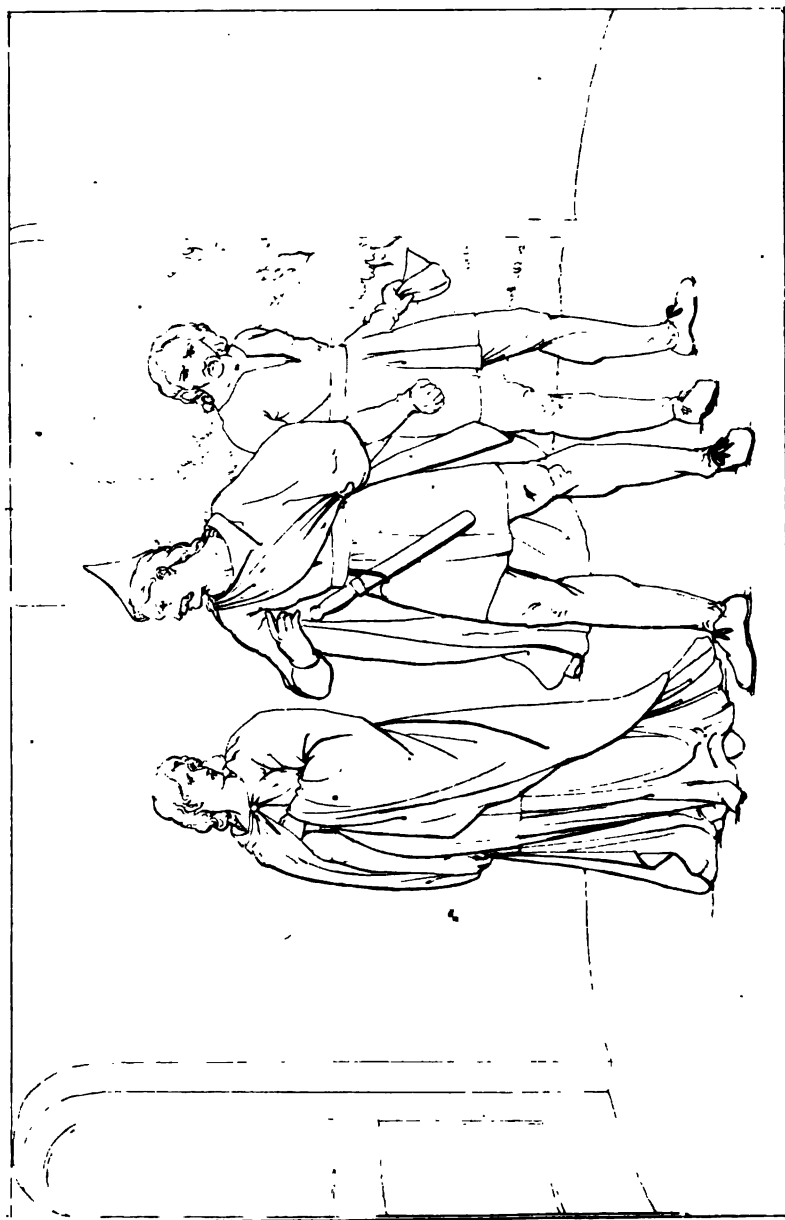
IMO. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me.
If you swear still, your recompense is still,
That I regard it not."

ACT II. S. 3.



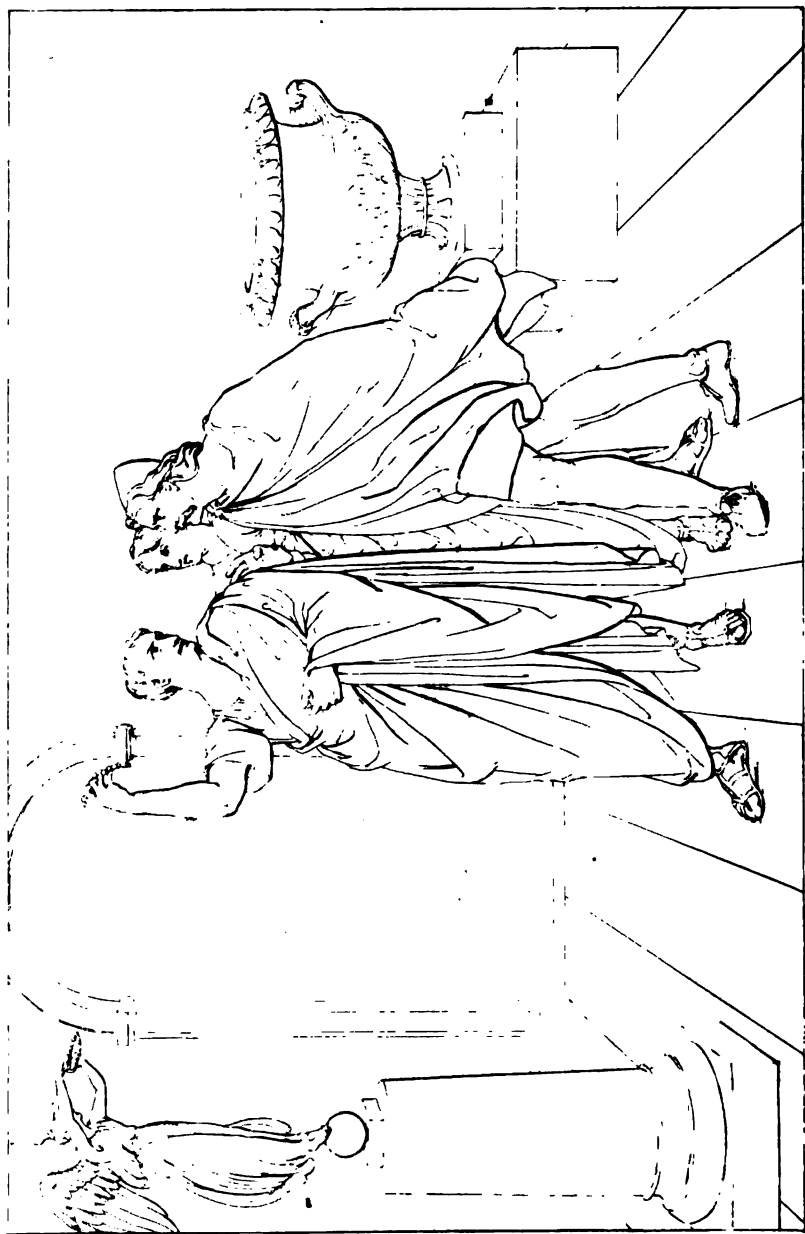


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 London & Edinburgh 11/12/12



*Figure 111.
 Sultan Ali and his family, 1813, from the collection of the
 British Museum.*

111



Three figures, one of which has a large mirror on its back, from the fresco of the 'Triumph of David' by Michelangelo.

J. Russell



Figure 1. The figure on the left is the figure on the right.

VIII.

IACHIMO *produces the bracelet as testimony of his having won his wager.*

“IACH. I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Jove!

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?”

ACT II. S. 4.

IX.

PISANIO *having, by the order of POSTHUMUS, induced IMOGEN to go to Milford Haven to meet him, shows the letter in which POSTHUMUS commands her death.*

“IMO. reads. ‘Let thine own hands take away her life:
I shall give thee opportunities at Milford Haven,’ &c.

PIS. No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of the Nile.”

ACT III. S. 4.

X.

IMOGEN, *disguised as a boy, in* BELARIUS' *cave.*
BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS
returning.

"BEL. But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

GUI. What's the matter, sir?

BEL. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness,
No elder than a boy."

ACT III. S. 6.

XI.

CLOTEN *compelling* PISANIO *to produce* POST-
HUMUS' *garments, on discovering that* IMOGEN *was*
gone.

"CLO. With that suit on my back will I ravish her.
First kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see my
valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.
He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so
praised), to the court I'll knock her back—foot her home
again."

ACT III. S. 5.



By measure 20.0
 From the collection of 1883 for a credit of 1000



*Exhibition No. 10
London, 1851, and May 1851 for J. Coddling*

J. Coddling

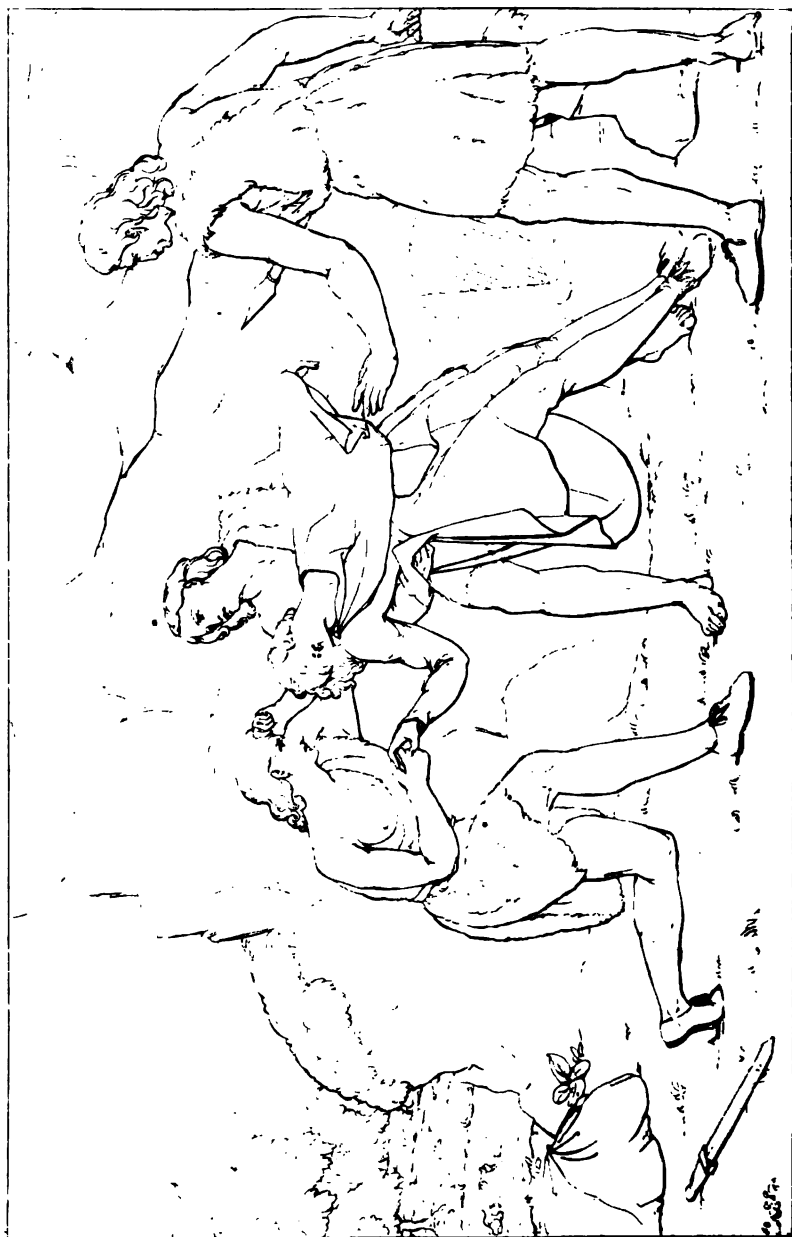


Figure 102
 A woman in a classical dress, with a sword.

J. H. 1874

XII.

IMOGEN *supposed to be dead from the operation of a drug
given to her by PISANIO.*

(CLOTEN *has been killed by GUIDERIUS,
whom he had attacked.*)

“ GUI. I have sent Cloten’s clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother ; his body ’s hostage
For his return.

*Enter ARVIRAGUS bearing IMOGEN as dead in
his arms.*

ARV. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp’d from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn’d my leaping time into a crutch,
Than to have seen this.

GUI. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not one half so well
As when thou grew’st thyself.

BEL. O melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ?”

ACT IV. S. 2.

XIII.

IMOGEN *having been laid by the headless body of CLOTEN, from the garments supposes it to be POSTHUMUS. She is found by LUCIUS.*

"Imo. O Posthumus! Alas!

Where is thy head?

. O my lord, my lord!

LUC. What trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page,
Or dead, or sleeping on him! But dead rather.

CAP. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. Who art thou?

IMO. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain."

ACT IV. S. 2.

XIV.

The rescue of CYMBELINE by BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.—LEONATUS POSTHUMUS having come over in the Roman army, throws off his armour, and, disguised as a peasant, seconds the Britons; he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO.

“BEL. Stand, stand! we have the advantage of the ground:

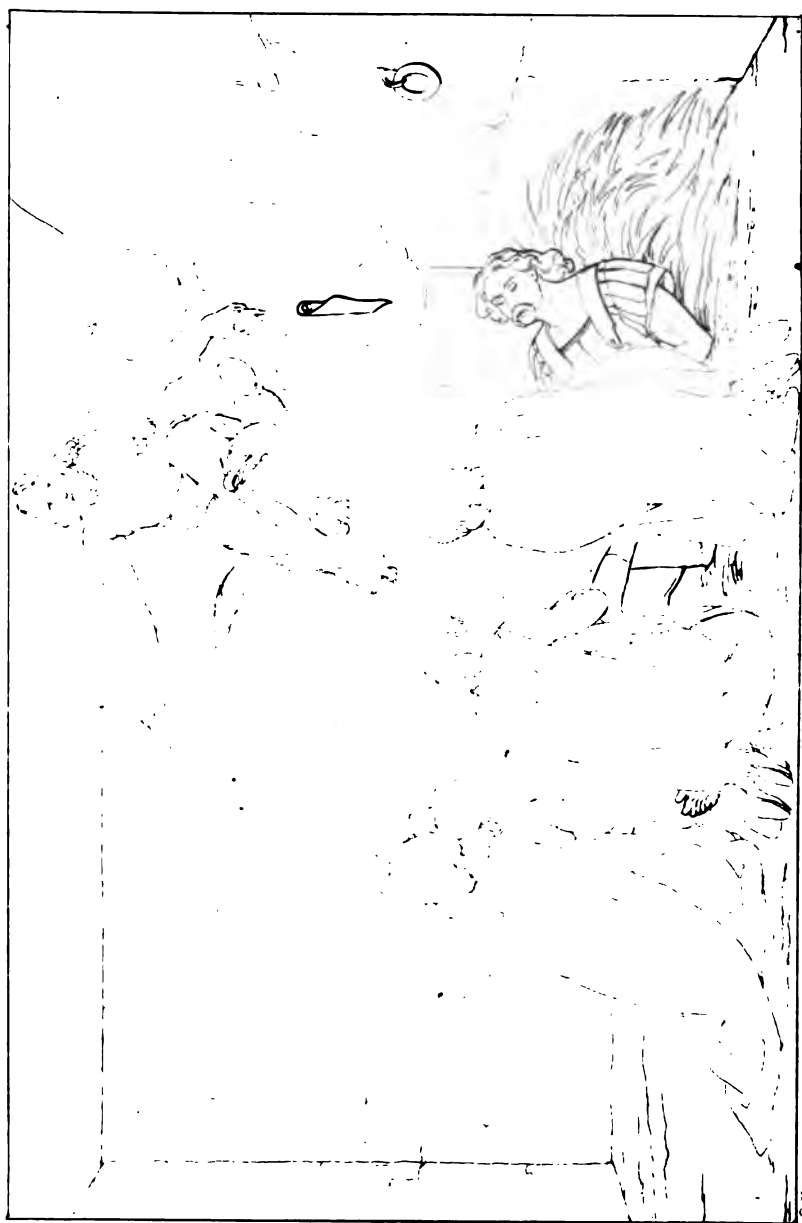
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.

GUI. and ARV. **Stand, stand, and fight !”**

ACT V. S. 2.



*Cymbeline, Act 3
London, published May 1889, p. 3 (after J. and*



Symbolic in the
 Garden of the House of the Lord's Garden

XV.

POSTHUMUS *resumes the Roman habit, and yields himself a prisoner.*

" 1 CAP. Stand! who is there?

POST. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answered him.

2 CAP. Lay hands on him! a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here."

ACT V. S. 3.

XVI.

POSTHUMUS' *vision in the prison.*

(*The ghosts of his father, mother, and two brothers appear, and are complaining to Jupiter of his hard fate. Jupiter appears sitting on an eagle. The ghosts fall on their knees.*)

" JUP. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing. . . .
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine."

ACT V. S. 4.

XVII.

CYMBELINE *having promised IMOGEN, as LUCIUS' page, any request she can have to make, she desires that IACHIMO may be compelled to show how he obtained POSTHUMUS' ring.* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, *in doubt about the identity of IMOGEN.*

"BEL. Is not this boy revived from death?

ARV. One and another

Not more resembles. That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

GVI. The same dead thing alive.

CYM. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, (*to IACH.*) step you forth:
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely.

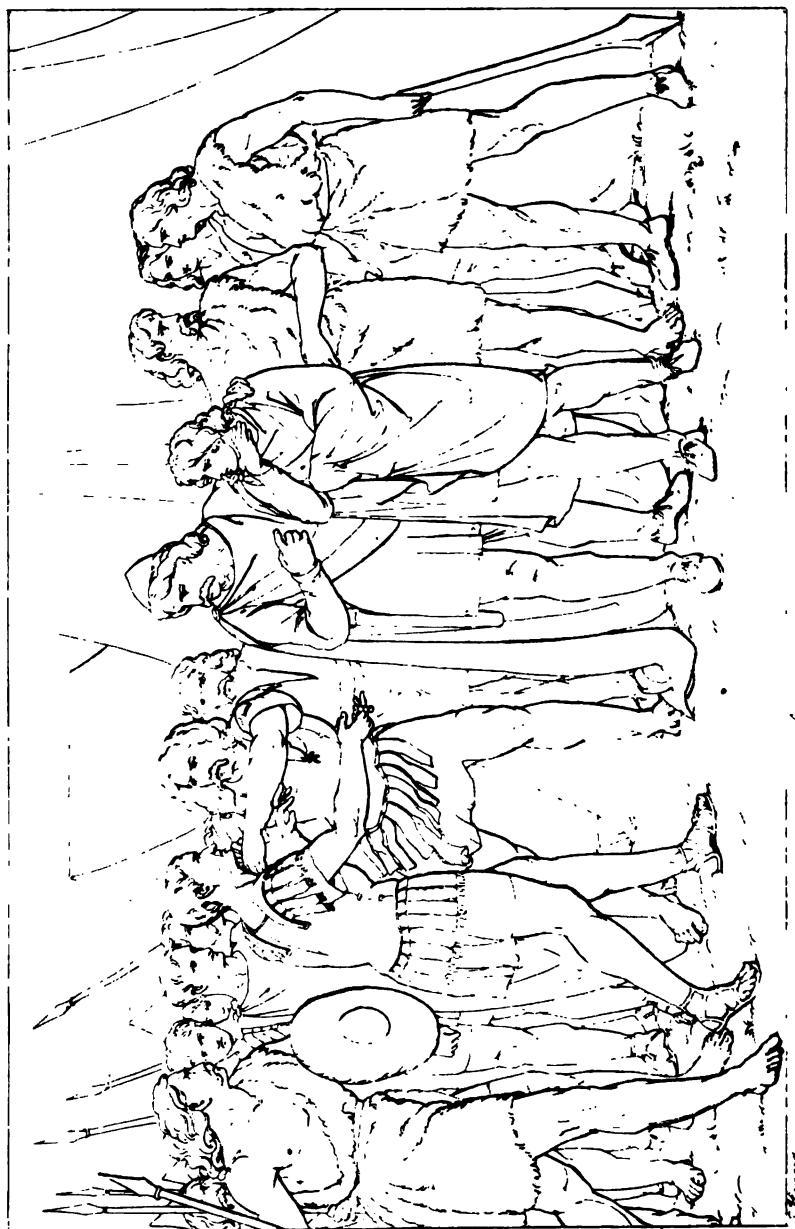
IMO. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

IACH. By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
 I wagered with him,
 to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring.

 . . I returned with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad; . . .
 this her bracelet;
 (O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit.

POST. Italian fiend!—"

ACT V. S. 5.



XVIII.

IMOGEN *discovers herself.* BELARIUS *restores* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS *to* CYMBELINE *as his sons.*

“IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock ; and now
Throw me again.

POST. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.

BEL. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

CYM. How ! my issue ?”

ACT V. S. 5.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

NINE PLATES.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD.

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

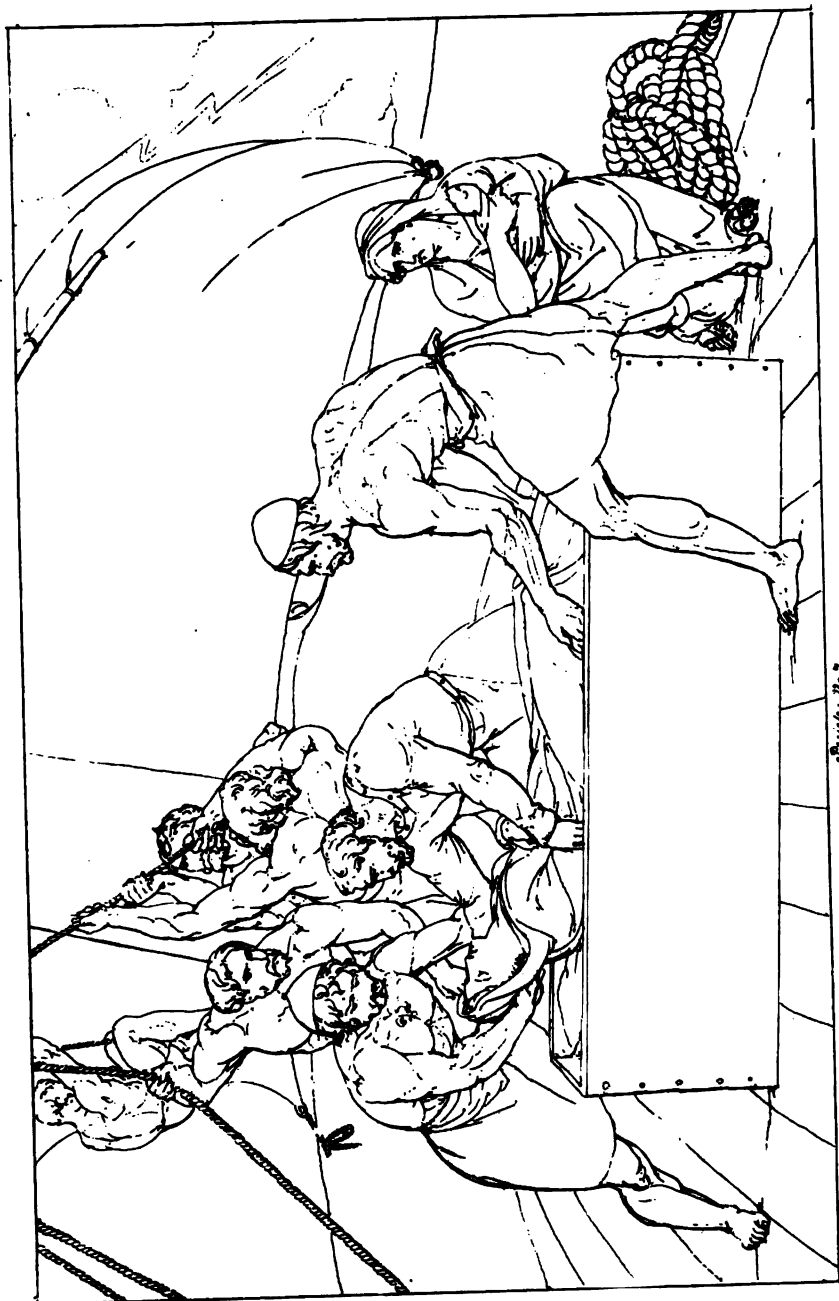
THE very great doubt of the authenticity of this play as one of Shakspeare's, and the universal sentence of its inferiority in interest and execution to his undoubted productions, might seem to warrant its omission in a work of such extent as this series of illustrations has unavoidably become; but it so generally forms a part in the numerous editions of our great poet, that these illustrations, purporting to be suited to almost all editions, without it would be incomplete.

The illustration of the first part of the story, alluding to Antiochus, has not been attempted, on account of the impossibility of drawing either a riddle or its explication, and its general character being so decidedly objectionable, as well as unnecessary to the main plot of the play.



Illustration of the scene described in the text.

Plate II



Picture No. 2
Seneca Published Aug. 1, 1931 for J. Codell Brand.

I.

SIMONIDES *giving* THAISA to PERICLES.

"SIMONIDES. Either be ruled by me,
 Or I will make you man and wife,—
 Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;—
 And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
 What, are you both pleased?
 THAISA. Yes, if you love me, sir.
 PERICLES. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.
 SIM. What, are you both agreed?
 BOTH. Yes, please your majesty."
ACT II. S. 5.

II.

THAISA's *burial at sea.*

"1ST SAILOR. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
 works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship
 be cleared of the dead."

ACT III. S. 1.

III.

The revival of THAISA in the house of CERIMON.

“CERIMON. She is alive; behold
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most pure water
Appear, to make the world twice rich: O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be!

THAISA. O, dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?”

ACT III. S. 2.

IV.

MARINA rescued from LIONINE by pirates.

“1ST PIRATE. Hold, villain!

2D PIR. A prize.

3D PIR. Half part, mates, half part; come, let's have
her aboard suddenly.”

ACT IV. S. 1.

V.

CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA,
professing that she had died a natural death.

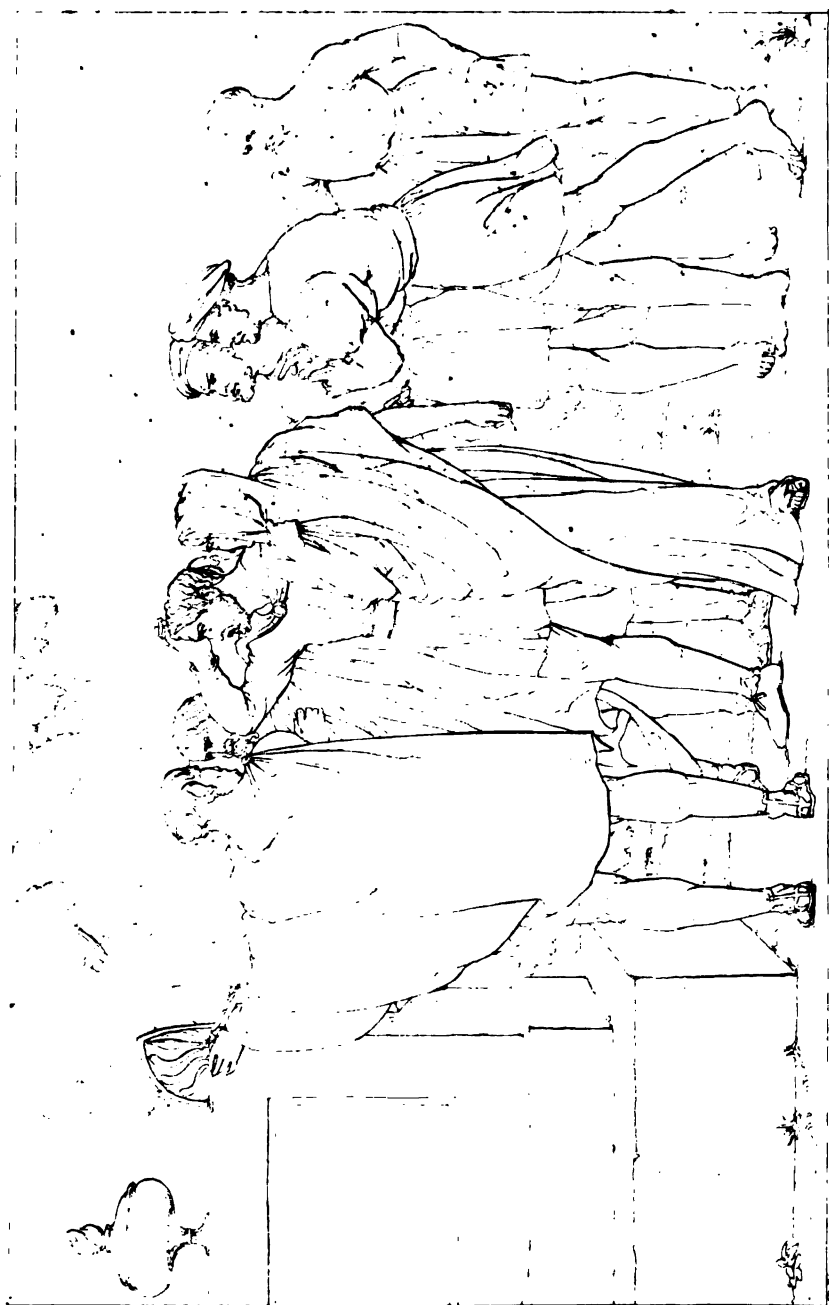
Dumb show.

ACT IV. S. 4.

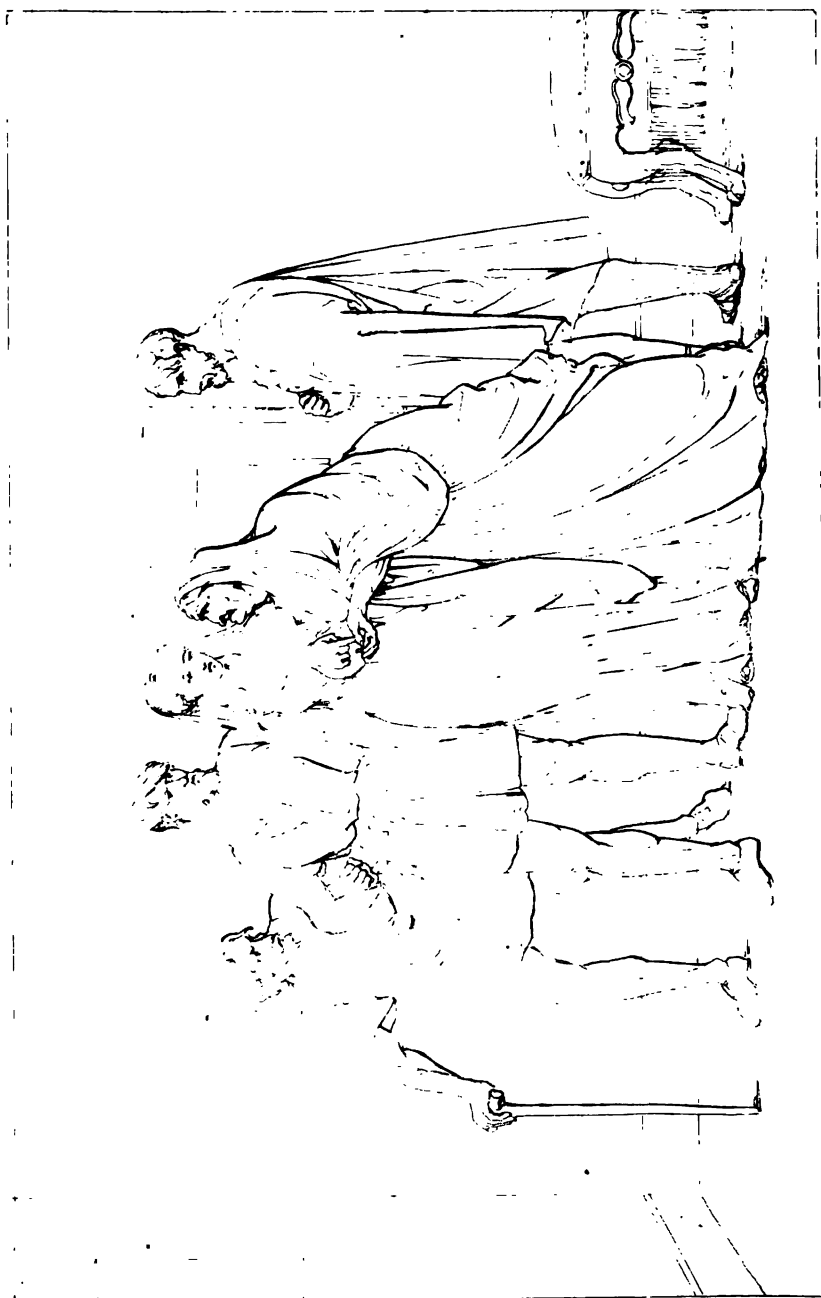




Sketches No. 1831/16, 3, Cecil Strand.
London, Published May 1831.



Shiraz 1903
Lentini - Howard - 43. 43. 43. 43. 43. 43. 43. 43.



*Portrait of the
Rev. J. R. 1888*

J. R. 1888



VI.

The visit of **LYSIMACHUS** *to* **MARINA** *at* **BOULT's**
house.

BAWD. There comes that which grows to the stalk;—
never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair
creature?

LYSIMACHUS. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage
at sea. Well, there's for you,—leave us.

BAWD. (*Aside to Marina*). Pray you, without any more
virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line
your apron with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully
receive."

ACT IV. S. 6.

VII.

MARINA and **LYSIMACHUS.**

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now:
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

LYS. How's this? How's this?—Some more—be sage.

MAR. . . . O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies in the purer air!"

ACT IV. S. 6.

VIII.

PERICLES *discovers* MARINA, *who has been introduced to him as a stranger to relieve his woes by her conversation and her music.*

“ PERICLES. O, Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.
What was thy mother’s name? Tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm’d enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

MAR. My mother's name was Thaisa.
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

PER. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child."

Act V. S. 1.

IX.

*The discovery of THAISA in the temple of DIANA,
whither PERICLES had gone, in obedience to a vision
from the goddess.*

“MAR. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother’s bosom.
(*She kneels to THAISA.*)

PER. Look ! who kneels here ? Flesh of thy flesh,
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

THAI. Blessed, and mine own."

ACT V. S. 3.



Picture No. 9
Scene, *Belshazzar* Aug. 1, 1893, p. 3 *Credit Street*



Parishes No 9
Linnæus Pl. United Aug. 21/10. J. Catell Sinner.



